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AN
ESSAY
ON
THE PASSIONS:
WITH OTHER
POEMS.

— OPEROSA PARVUS

CARMINA FINGO.

HORACE.

By A. DONOUGHUE.



Shrewsbury:
PRINTED BY T. WOOD, ST. JOHN'S-HILL,
FOR P. OWEN, BOOKSELLER, WELSHPOOL;
SOLD BY CHAMPANTE AND WHITROW, ALDGATE, LONDON,
AND ALL THE BOOKSELLERS IN SHREWSBURY.
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CARMINA FINCO. HORACE.

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BY A. LONGUETHE.
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Printed by J. Wood, St. John's Hill,
For R. Owen, Bookbinder, Walsby Hall,
and by G. Smith and W. Brown, Agents, London.
And are the booksellers in the country.

PREFACE.

WHAT heart so callous but holds as sacred the tear of sorrow? What brow so stern but will relax at the cry of unfeigning misery? That tear, that cry is mine. I have felt as many woes as ever tore the bosom of a Petrarch, and have struggled with as many penurious calamities as ever agonized the soul of a Chatterton; will not then a generous public pardon my presumption, when informed, that I woke my simple and un aspiring reed, but to claim the obolus of commiseration, and touch if possible the heart of sympathy and kind concern. Whatever is wanting in sprightliness of fancy, and fertility of genius, let the happier sons of the muses, forgive. I have here endea-

PREFACE.

voured, and my endeavour is laudable, to add a little to what is necessary to the necessities of life. Reader be candid where you can—I have my errors.—But here is no found that can raise the blush of Virtue, or the frown of Religion.

W HAT heart to censure but holds as sacred the
tear of sorrow? What brow to frown but wither
as the eye of unrelenting misery? That tear, that
eye is mine. I have felt as many woes as ever
tore the bosom of a wretched slave, and have struggled
with as many pains and calumnies as ever agitated
ed the soul of a Christian; will not then a
generous public pardon my presumption, when
informed, that I wrote my simple and unassuming
need, but to claim the oblation of compassion,
and touch if possible the heart of sympathy and
kind concern. Whatever is wanting in polish
of fancy, and facility of genius, for the hapless
sons of the mistle, forgive, I have been rather
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ESSAY
ON
THE PASSIONS.

These and a thousand mixt emotions more,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endless storm.

THOMPSON'S *Seasons*.

ESSAY
OF
THE PASSIONS.

These and a thousand more are the
Fruits of the Passions, and the
With which we live.

Thompson's Edition.

ESSAY

ON

THE PASSIONS.

WHAT keen sensations shoot along the heart,
What thrilling raptures thro' the bosom dart;
How Feeling's wheels irregularly move,
From stormy Hate to more tempestuous Love;
The raving frenzy of the fever'd brain,
With all the high pulsations of the vein,
Be mine to sing: to strike with truest touch,
Those strings of passions I have felt so much.

Affist me, Love! thro' all the vent'rous theme,
And wake to lofty strains thy active flame.
Sublime to harmony the powers I feel,
And heave this bosom to Enchantment's swell.

B

To

To thee Parnassus' laurel wreathes belong,
 Thou warm'st the breast and fir'st the Poet's song ;
 Thou fir'st instruct'st me to attune my glow,
 And form'st my numbers to a genial flow ;
 When woman rose, in full luxuriance rose,
 With all that virtue, all that beauty shows,
 Triumphant on mine eye ; when at her form,
 Wild rapture gaz'd, and felt a Lover's storm.
 Then panting wishes flutt'ring in each vein,
 I learnt to pour my soul into the strain.

Heart-honour'd damsel! glory of my theme!
 That angel loveliness, that knows no name!
 Meek Julia! look complacent on my toil,
 I ask no plaudit but thy dearer smile.
 Tho' faint my pow'rs in the Aonian art,
 Yet when thy image rushes on my heart,
 Fir'd at thy form, enthusiast at thy name,
 High swells the Lover's to a Poet's flame.
 Here fain the Muse would cull eternal bays,
 Entwine for thee the fadeless wreath of praise!

Oh !

Oh! could I feel but that assuring flame,
 Which Maro felt, and knew it to be fame;
 Thus would I sing—while Virtue shall impart
 One winning grace to captivate the heart;
 While spotless Innocence shall e'er disclose,
 A vestal charm to emulate the snows;
 Or robeless Truth be lov'd where'er she tread—
 Thy name shall flourish and thy virtues spread.
 But vain, lov'd maiden! this presumptuous note,
 A note that quivers, and as soon forgot.

Here tho' no sweets, no flow'rs Parnassian bloom,
 No starry flights on eagle-pinion'd plume;
 No living fire th' extatic Muse reveals,
 No pompous numbers and no swelling peals;
 Yet let not Censure's venenated tooth,
 Condemn the labors of an hapless youth.
 Faint sings the bird when o'er the dreary waste,
 Stern Winter sweeps with desolating blast.
 O'er me Adversity's chill tempests roll,
 Beat heavy on my youth, and freeze my soul,

Once in the walks of Academic shade,
 With brow solute and sunny breast I stray'd;
 Then Frolic spun with silk each sportive hour,
 Or Science woo'd me to her noiseless bow'r.
 The scene how chang'd! full oft had I beheld
 The brightest fun with sudden tempest veil'd;
 But ah! flush'd by the promise of my dawn,
 The fatal semblance I had never drawn
 Of life's vicissitudes, with varying skies:
 Hope cast her anchor, Genius shew'd his prize.
 The dream is o'er—the splendid morn o'ercast—
 Loud raves the tempest with redoubled blast,
 Toft to and fro, my little helmless bark,
 Holds fruitless contest in the stormy dark.
 And must Affliction mark me for her own,
 Ere scarce four lustres of short life are flown?
 Oh! dark futurity! horrific fight!
 From thee I turn with sorrow and affright.
 Are these thy laurels; Genius! this thy meed?
 To know my every want—to weep—to bleed—
 Still

Still keener pangs, more exquisite despair,
 With all the sad pre-eminence of care?
 Is it for this with unremitting toil,
 My youth oft pales besides the midnight oil?
 For this unwearied o'er the scrolls of time
 Have por'd to cull the beauties of each clime?
 Alas! with Ignorance in her humbler vale,
 Would heav'n had link'd me to Contentment's flail.
 From Sorrow's cup then had I never quaff'd;
 Nor Sensibility with barbed shaft,
 Unpitying dealt her deep, her deadly blow,
 Nor this heart swoln with pregnancy of woe.

Evil, that dar'd e'en heav'n's all pure abodes,
 And thin'd whole ranks of angels and of Gods,
 Found weak resistance from the pow'rs of man,
 Sure was the conquest, ere it yet began.
 Pleasure and Vanity their banners spread,
 And vanquish'd Virtue at their chariot led.
 Disorder'd Fancy too her shackles forg'd,
 And raven Cowardice on millions gorg'd;

Then

Then Ignorance display'd her vermil pride,
 And pert Seduction strutted at her side.
 Beauty no longer with respect inspir'd,
 Forbidden hope, forbidden pleasures fir'd:
 Ambition mounted on his thick-spik'd car,
 And Hate and Discord thundered to the war.
 Duplicity with fycen dimpled smile,
 Held forth her blandishments but to beguile.
 And man despising Reason's nobler fway,
 Learnt every call of Passions to obey.
 Thro' every shore these monsters fought mankind,
 Shot with the fun, and volley'd with the wind.
 No where could Innocence her realms secure;
 Evils soon budded and soon grew mature.
 E'en Greenland's bleak and boreatic plains,
 Where undisturb'd eternal winter reigns;
 Where the sun beams with no creative glow,
 The Passions long have stained the virgin snow.
 Not all her storms and sempiternal ice,
 Could guard her coast from all victorious Vice.

Like

Like us lascivious and with Envy fraught,
 They swell with Vengeance or with Rage grow hot.
 And what imports it if a fishes oil,
 Or colour'd metal urge the bloody spoil.
 Last, to complete the whole the Passions saw,
 Their altars rise with reverential awe;
 Beheld with pride where Adoration fum'd,
 And all the Goddesses or the God assum'd.
 And still they tyrannize, for tho' no more,
 Their temples swell, nor reek with human gore,
 Yet such their stable sway, these mighty Gods,
 In human breasts have fixed their drear abodes.

Six princely Passions o'er the rest exert,
 Superior sway and lord it o'er the heart.
 Here *Love* controuls with absolute domain,
 Speaks in the eye, and vibrates in the vein.
 There *Hatred* with abhorrent visage spurns
 The hideous object, or indignant burns.
 Now sunny *Hope*, when darkling tempests rise,
 Her anchor weighs and points to brighter skies.

Now

Now trembling *Fear* all fanciful and weak,
 Untwists the fibres, varies on the cheek.
 Prolific *Joy* her smiling influence shows,
 And fills the bosom with electric throes.
 And *Grief* unluces all her founts of care,
 Raves in the wring, or melts into the tear.
 From these, what feelings numberless proceed,
 Thick as solstitial swarms, a myriad breed.
 In vain the Muse would every motion count,
 Or trace each feeling to its proper fount;
 As well pursue each fibre in her strain,
 And range thro' all the lab'rynths of the vein.
 So quick, so latent thro' the heart they wind,
 With such strange complicated mixtures join'd;
 Such different forms and protean shapes they claim,
 That numbers cannot count or language name.

Sensation is the hinge on which they roll,
 And serves when true to generate the whole.
 Sweet Sensibility! all potent force!
 Exhaustless fountain! ever living source!

Of

Of all that lively joy most precious deems,
 Or all that costly in our sorrow streams.
 'Tis thy divinity that moves within,
 Glides thro' the vein and lives in every string.
 Beyond myself those generous pangs I feel,
 No thought can image and no look reveal.
 Impress'd by thee the tyrants callous heart,
 As frost work melts, when vivid sunbeams dart,
 Dissolves to pity—tributary sighs
 Succeed, with all the charms of melting eyes.
 Nor is thy energy to few confin'd,
 To all it spreads around of human kind.
 The roughest peasant can a portion claim,
 It works in all, tho' not in all the same.
 For some kind Nature wove a web divine,
 And spun their thread attenuately fine;
 Melted each pow'r in fair refinement's mold,
 A polish'd, seraph temperament of soul.
 Her basest drops to others she consign'd,
 A barbarous growth of body and of mind;

C

Features

Features that never meant, and souls that creep
 Like Lethe's flood, inanimate as sleep.
 O ! what the feelings of some low-bred swain,
 Who plods with apathy the flow'ry plain,
 Whose thoughts ne'er learnt beyond his farm to shoot,
 Dull and insensate as the goaded brute ;
 To him, who o'er the self-same beauteous page
 Of Nature's volume, with discernment sage,
 Rolls the reflective eye, and wakes the line,
 To pathos or morality divine.
 Who finds a semblance for each blooming flow'r,
 And in the daisy sees almighty pow'r.
 Mark where the sexton with unheeding spade,
 Unlocks the chambers of the silent dead,
 No moralizing thoughts arouse his soul,
 The joke his moral, and his pride the bowl.
 And mark where Gray the church-yard path along,
 Paints the departing day, with doric song ;
 Imbibes reflection from each mould'ring stone,
 Draws the true friend and tells us he is gone.

Yet

Yet boast not hence ye learned, that ye possess,
 Alone, the lambent flame of tenderness.
 'Tis Nature gives the warm, the feeling heart,
 No child of study, no result of art,
 When inmate sympathy and feeling shines,
 All art is vain, and learning but refines.
 The clown who o'er his tragic ballad hangs,
 Sees beauties there, and feels symphonious pangs;
 Unnumber'd charms appear in every line,
 Sacred the song and every rhyme divine.
 The milk-maid pleased some ditty to rehearse,
 Looks mutual love, and loves along the verse.
 Or when the strain bids some fair youth adieu.
 What pathos then! nor Siddons half so true.

Myſterious Love, in every circling age,
 Has fill'd the volume and inspir'd the page;
 Has rapt the bard to more than mortal thought,
 Guided the pencil and the statue wrought.
 And still unknown, unfathom'd, unexpress'd,
 Breathes from all lips and throbs in every breast.

And what is love? with man 'tis frenzy, fire;
 A fever of the soul, a mad desire.
 With woman sentiment---a chaffin'd thro'---
 A philanthropic warmth---a tender glow.
 Her bosom pants, on something to be kind,
 A kindness wafting in the breast confin'd.
 She longs some lover's constancy to bless,
 Or constitute a husband's happiness.
 T' increase our pleasures or our pains divide,
 To be the mother or th' endearing bride.
 Delightful Love! there are who have despis'd
 Thy gentle sway, and all thy ways chafis'd.
 There are, who leave thy paths bestrew'd with flow'rs,
 To waste in cloyster'd walls their pensive hours.
 Thus in those climes where low'rs Papal sway,
 When the grim nunnery swallows up her prey,
 When avarice leads the virgin to its gloom,
 And cruel laws have rivetted her doom,
 The nations shout---triumphant madness sings---
 A faint---an angel thro' all Popedom rings.

What

What tho' her tender youth know no desire,
 Tho' her breast cherish but devotion's fire;
 Tho' on the world she cast no longing eye,
 Tho' thought ne'er sicken at the life-long tie:
 Tho' Reason bid each revelling passion rest,
 Tho' her hand only wanton on her breast:
 And grant, what never happen'd, Virtue rose
 From mad restraint, irrevocable vows;
 Yet why exult? is it that stratagem,
 Has changed creation's end and aim?
 Is it that cruel celibacy has enchain'd,
 What heav'n for love and freedom had ordain'd?
 Is it that heroes perish in their birth,
 Religion wears her broad unmeaning mirth?
 That some illustrious line must never rise,
 Exult in being, triumph in the skies?
 Just God! why this device! this madness whence,
 This laugh of hell, this antipode of sense.
 O ye by Nature's better lessons taught!
 Who in her academic walks have wisdom sought,

Say

Say what behest of heav'n more clearly prov'd,
 Than that *to love and in return be loved.*
 Else why those charms, that fascinating grac,
 That decks the frame, luxuriates on the face?
 Those seraph features, that celestial mien,
 Which to be lov'd, need only but be seen;
 Those rights eternal of fair beauty's pow'r,
 When faints, and savage at her look adore.
 God consecrated first that sacred glow,
 Shall virtue then to virtue rise a foe?
 Profane! "to love" first sound from the skies;
 "To love" all Nature thro' her bounds replies.

Those only who are damn'd with hearts of steel,
 With breasts of adamant not born to feel,
 Hearts that no human misery could move,
 Will mock the weakness of impassion'd love.
 Weakness that cherishes the lambent flame
 Of tenderness and each sublimer aim.
 This gives the firm resolve, to hearts that slide,
 Exalts the lowly, and debases pride.

By

By this the daring libertine is awed,
 The man of feeling lifted to the god,
 The tenderness of sympathy refin'd,
 The partial rapture wishful to be kind;
 The warmth of fancy, the enliv'ning fire,
 The undissembled glow of fond desire;
 This, this is love: this in the dawn of time,
 Inform'd the breast yet undefil'd by crime.
 Nature alone her equal laws dispens'd,
 Love's gracious empire, no confinement fenc'd.
 Beauty tho' poor beheld her altars flame,
 Affection spoke and worth his only claim.
 No money pilfer'd what the will denied,
 No interest tore what tenderness had tyed.
 Love then reveal'd but for herself, her fire,
 Nor woo'd subservient to a rigid fire.
 No false denial, no fictitious flush,
 Ape'd artless Chastity's unfeigning blush.
 Love had no rules, knew no Ovidian art,
 The faithful lip interpreted the heart.

Pleasure

Pleasure and Virtue softened every pain,
 The flood ran taintless thro' each purple vein,
 No poison flow'd hereditary fruit,
 Of some iniquitous parental root.
 No cares consum'd, no mantling wines inflam'd,
 No fauces piqued, no ease idalian tam'd ;
 Then pompous grandeur never clogg'd desire,
 And marriage then was but a mutual fire.
 Unchanging love bound fast the unstrain'd will,
 A word the contract and a kiss the seal ;
 No jealousy look'd round with frantic air,
 No cant-ey'd Argus watch'd the lovely fair ;
 Affection answer'd, needs no vigil host,
 But is when guarded, then unguarded most.
 Ere since, but few retain the harmless ways,
 Of infant seasons and primeval days.
 O Innocence ! unfashionable name !
 Amid the maze of vice, extinguish'd flame !
 Where art thou fled ? where now thy scarlet streak,
 The mantling red confusion of thy cheek ?

The

The timid eye, the modest tongue and mien,
 That winning sweetness fearful to be seen.
 The heart susceptible of purest love,
 Will not around from maid to maiden rove ;
 To one alone he stints his glowing fire,
 And her prefers to all the female quire ;
 Her happiness beyond his own he seeks,
 All ties forgoes, thro' all incitements breaks ;
 And if Assurance buoy him on her wings,
 O! what are trials or life's aspic stings.
 When damped by sorrow, or by grief depressed,
 And wan Despondence cankers in the breast,
 One glance consenitive, one approving smile,
 Can every torture, every care beguile.
 Sweeter than Music's most harmonious note,
 From her mellifluous lips the numbers float ;
 How soars, how sinks his soul along the strain !
 He dies in tortures of harmonious pain.
 Imagination's never sleeping eye,
 Ever beholds her matchless symmetry,

D

Watches

Watches her every smile, her every sigh;
For her "he bears to live, or dares to die."

Nor think ye innocent incautious fair!
Th' intrepid look the unembarrass'd air,
The rapt effusions in continual flow,
Of some unmeaning and unruffled beau,
O deem not this true love—mere pomp of words,
That gaiety or impudence affords.
But love, true love embarrassed airs reveals,
A down his cheek the timid tear drop steals;
When e'er the fascinating nymph appears,
How beats his bosom with conflictive cares!
He sighs—he fain would speak, yet fears t' offend,
Half form'd the sentence falls, that dares commend.
Transfix'd with anguish, and a thousand stings,
He weeps "and looks unutterable things."
And oh! ye youth of Albion's maid-grac'd isle!
Who live mid charms and bask in beauty's smile,
Oh! fly from Prostitution's loathsome haunts,
Fly, fly the spot where fyren Pleasure chaunts.

Fly

Fly from her look, her snare concealing smiles,
 Her mien, that beckons to her fatal isles.
 All fair she seems, all comely to the eyes,
 Winning her form and seemly all her guise,
 As on the gaily waves, but in the rear,
 What hideous forms, what ghastly shapes appear!

In vain would Wealth with all her bauble toys,
 Ensure that happiness, that love alone enjoys.
 Thrice is she wretched, who alone for gold,
 Barter a heart to Love's fine feeling cold ;
 Tho' deck'd with all the rubies of the mine,
 And grac'd with all a court's resplendent shine :
 And she thrice happy tho' in cottage pent,
 Whom Love alone could win to kind consent ;
 She in the circling arms of youthful grace,
 While mutual rapture twines the sweet embrace,
 Can taste what wealth, what worlds could never buy,
 Connubial joys! the envy of the sky.
 And yet beware if happiness you chace,
 Least rash ye rush in Poverty's embrace.

For Fancy oft with eye delusive views,
 Ideal forms, and shadowy visions woos,
 With playful pencil draws th' unreal scene,
 Of gilded prospects and eternal green.

Love with her sweets, attendant horrors brings,
 So flow'rs most beauteous, bear the keenest stings.
 Infernal poison, jealousy distills,
 And all the soul with mad distraction fills.
 With stabs redoubled it shall pierce the heart,
 Smile at the bloody work and lick the dart.
 Shall spur the mind insane to rash desire,
 Of combat, or to suicide inspire.
 This like the serpent crawling in the train,
 Of all our pleasures, all their comforts stains.
 Who truly loves, tho' exquisite his heart,
 And blest with every dignified desert,
 This natural timidity will prove,
 And all his bosom beat distrustful love.
 A rival who can bear? the very shade,
 Will spoil our comforts, and our hopes invade.
 With

With selfish mind to blot another's name,
 Decry her beauty or his worth defame.
 Thro' Nature's variegated forms to pry,
 With faultful dark malevolence of eye,
 This is not jealousy, but envy's spleen,
 Of all the passions of the heart most mean.
 But souls refin'd, by love congenial form'd ;
 The fiery breast by fierce affection warm'd ;
 The soul that tend'rest sympathy extends,
 And with a dearer self its powers blends ;
 Who knows no joy but to participate,
 The every pang, the every wound of fate,
 With trembling life the horrid war must bear,
 Of keen inquietude and jealous fear.

And Absense too with agonizing heart,
 Torn from its vital and its better part,
 Impatient mourns. Mute is the sprightly tongue,
 Or tun'd to woes, prolongs the doleful song.
 The pallid lily, all the cheek o'er spreads,
 And on the heart the canker sorrow feeds.

The

The icy fang of torpid anguish chills,
 The vital source that all his system fills.
 His paly eyes desponding sorrow damps,
 So thro' sepulchral vaults expiring lamps
 Appear—ungracious Pleasure's strains,
 While stern despair each withering sense enchains.
 Now on the vacant air he bends his eye,
 And parleys with each breeze that passes by.
 Where glides the rill lufurious thro' the mead,
 In careless fort, the restive youth is laid;
 And o'er the surface drops the frequent tear,
 To ease the load immense of grief severe.

Now Perfidy presents her purpled darts,
 Wet with the fountain of ten thousand hearts;
 Here let the Muse exert her generous flame,
 A pitying tear for weeping honor claim.
 He pleads for Virtue, who for woman pleads,
 Stab but the one, and lo! the other bleeds.
 The female cause is Virtue's fairest boast,
 And he who best supports it, merits most.

And

And what, shall feeble artless woman groan,
 And she some generous advocates not own?
 Shall woman bleed by him she least expects,
 By man the false protector of the sex?
 Will silent scorn suffice, or silent hate,
 Shall we to aë, heaven's tardy thunder wait?
 No Virtue is not yet so timid, frail,
 But she can show her ægis and her mail ;
 Grasp the red vengeance from a father's throne,
 And frown confounded insolence to stone.

When fair beguiled Innocence expires,
 Faded by Perfidy's deceitful fires,
 Oh! then by every pow'r above, forbear
 The look contemptuous, and reproachful sneer.
 Nature is frail, and weak the human heart,
 And strong is flatt'ry seconded by art :
 Tempting but slippery is the lake of vice,
 And many falter on the guileful ice.
 Then o'er a sister's fate compassion heave,
 Pity her stars, and if thou canst, relieve.

Think

Think thou like her hadst listened and hadst fell,
 As free a victim to Delusion's spell,
 Had Vice to thee so nicely tun'd her air,
 So sweetly warbled, look'd so heav'nly fair.
 At least let humid penitence prevail;
 What griefs corrode, what triple stings assail!
 Know, vice is vice no more, when it has known,
 Th' emaculation of a heart-fetch'd moan.
 Nor, O ye parents! basterdize the child,
 Whom Vice has tempted, Passions false beguill'd;
 Think heav'n relents—one tear will there suffice,
 One true *Peccavi* from dissolving eyes.

Small is the triumph of the chaste pure heart,
 That ne'er withstood the bland seducer's art;
 Solid and white is Mauritania's snow,
 While yet the burning orb forbears to glow.
 Nor let the female breast exult with pride,
 Till it has brav'd example's rapid tide;
 The fascination of fair Pleasure's smile,
 And Flattery's insidious harpy wile:

The

The heart where purity unfullied dwells,
 Stranger to art, but seldom marks her spells:
 Few advocates has Innocence to claim,
 When Slander blazons her unfriended name.

Detested Calumny! that rides the winds,
 Taints every spot, and every corner finds!
 More by the tongue have been untimely slain,
 Than ever perish'd on th' embattled plain;
 Than ever yet were doom'd to feel,
 The raging tempest of the warrior's steel:
 Her merc'less arrowy rage has drawn more blood,
 Than ever dyed Scamander's purple flood;
 Than ever delug'd Gallia's rebel shore,
 When madly free, she swam in loyal gore.
 Blest is the man, the woman doubly blest,
 That never felt her dagger in the breast.

O! Love! how multiform thy blessings rise;
 What numerous relatives confess thy ties!
 Thou strong bitumen of terrestrial joy!
 No storms can shake, or time himself destroy.

E

What

What feeling parent were he doom'd to choofe,
 An ample fortune, or a child to loofe,
 Would not undoubtful to the offspring cleave,
 Refign a fortune; nay, an empire leave?
 Or urg'd by dire neceffity, and fate,
 Should the impaffion'd parent hesitate,
 Would not one fweet imploring look prevail,
 One lifping word preponderate the fcale,
 In Nature's favor?—Ask the mother, poor,
 Diftrest, tho' meagre want befiege her door,
 While the dear infant at her bofom clings,
 And on her cheek its playful arm it flings,
 If fhe would give, uncertain of its fate,
 The darling treafure for the wealth of ftate?

How ftrong the hymeneal bond of Truth!
 That cheer of age, that bleffing of our youth.
 When love and confidence without difguife,
 Beam with kind mildnefs from each others eyes.
 For them the morn delicious pleafure wafts,
 For them more charming far, the meadow laughs.

For

For them in whispers soft, on downy wings,
 Favonius warbles, and the linnet sings.
 In playful fondness ambling round their walk,
 A blooming group indulge the laugh, the talk.
 A thousand transports, joys for ever new,
 In soothing dalliance charm the happy few.
 For them Endearment prints her sweetest kiss,
 And fills the measure of all earthly bliss.

Come, Joy! with dimpled smile and debonair,
 Come with thy skipping train, so young and fair!
 Come, phantom of delight! with mirthful flow'rs,
 The loves, the graces, and the festive hours;
 Oh! hither Goddess haste! with bounding feet—
 She comes; I bless her smiles, her presence greet.
 With her thro' every wood—but see she flies—
 She's gone—my momentary rapture dies.
 Again to Melancholy's fang a prey,
 I yield to her hereditary sway.

Of all the Passions notic'd in life's leaf,
 How wide the empire of tyrannic Grief!

Who of a thousand days can reckon one,
 Unmarked by woe, or the repentant groan?
 Where is the man so blest, so haply born,
 Whose heart ne'er fester'd with Affliction's thorn?

How fades the world, with all its gilded joys,
 To pensive Melancholy's loathing eyes!
 How loves the soul from the coarse gaze to shrink,
 In solitude her bitter cup to drink!
 To give the heart-emitted flood to flow,
 And suckle all the family of woe:
 While Memory with retrospective view,
 Traces the past, and acts each scene anew;
 And Sensibility, beset with cares,
 The woeful present with the past compares;
 Nay e'en the shadow of receding bliss,
 Is dear—dear as the lover's parting kiss:
 So looks the pilgrim at the last faint tints
 Of closing day, while chearful Hope imprints,
 The kind idea, that it will again
 Return, to light him thro' the vale of pain.

Indulge thy grief; but yield not to despair,
 Nor to her frantic steel thy bosom bare.
 Within the horrors of a vaulted tomb,
 Enshrin'd in night's impenetrable gloom,
 On ebon throne, begirt with human blood,
 And mangled limbs, in dire disorder strow'd,
 Sits Suicide. His features grimly fell,
 Look like the dark malignity of hell.
 A barbed poinard in his right he holds,
 His left a cup of poisonous draught infolds,
 Which ever and anon he tastes. Despair
 With limbs distorted and with eyes that glare,
 One side sustains, and on the other sits
 Infernal Envy's form; her cheeks with pits
 Of wrinkled depth deep sunk: around the shrine,
 Two monstrous snakes their horrid lengths entwine:
 Their eyes like comets beam a frightful light,
 Glimm'ring destruction thro' the tenfold night.

But Hope, sweet Hope, with phantacies the while,
 Cheers the sad heart with animating smile.

Pent in his grate, the child of slavery,
 Oft at his door will lift—a hopeful eye :
 Tho' many a notch bespeak his prison'd days,
 And many a fun in vain his orb displays,
 Yet never-dying hope! propitious pow'r!
 Informs the cell, and antedates the hour,
 When springing forth to life and light again,
 Triumphant Liberty shall loose his chain.
 Hope medicates innumerable ills,
 And with salubrity the goblet fills.
 Without thee what could man? what but thy beam,
 Could make him bear the locust swarms that teem,
 Of woes unnumber'd in this earth-pent state,
 And oft oppres for human strength too great?
 Veil but thy face, withdraw thy sunny ray,
 And lo! Despair straight fastens on her prey.
 With thy omnipotent support, man braves
 The world's loud tempest, and o'erwhelming waves.
 A fiery pillar thou! the road t' illume,
 Of darksome life, and care's nocturnal gloom,
 And guide us thro' the labyrinths of time.—

Here

Here fain the Muse thro' Bedlam's dreary caves
 Would rove, and paint each passion as it raves ;
 Where lost to all of life, the eye may trace,
 Disjointed Misery thro' her every maze.
 There fierce Distraction gives her cries, her shrieks,
 Here calm Despair with inward torture reeks ;
 Hark ! Anguish murmurs her unmeaning tone—
 Now pensive Sorrow heaves the hollow moan—
 What ghastly phantoms crowd into the view !
 Such forms e'en Superstition never drew.
 Now silence reigns thro' every cell—once more
 The loosen'd Passions burst with wild uproar—
 And now it dies into the little air,
 The heart-drawn tune of unrestrained care—
 Now Reason shows her lucid beam awhile,
 And frantic Laughter melts into the smile :
 Such, such the flash that angry heav'n divides,
 Shewing the horrors that grim darkness hides.

But turn from scenes like these, my frightened Muse !
 To Pity's empire, and her lovelier views.

How

How wide, how wonderful th' attractive ties,
 That link the heart in secret sympathies !
 As round the changeful scenes of life appear,
 We love, we hate, we weep, we hope, we fear.
 Nor yet for self the keenest pangs we feel,
 For other's woes, more genial tears will steal.
 Thou tender martyr of condolence ! tell,
 How strong the tides that social bosoms swell !
 Did e'er thy soul so true to nature's tone,
 So deeply weep for sorrows of thine own ?
 Nor e'en will sympathetic grief suffice ;
 Imagin'd pains, fictitious woes will rise.
 How often at Imagination's call,
 Will sighs ascend, and ready torrents fall ?
 Observe the maid as o'er the false romance
 She bends, and flutters in delirious trance :
 Her throbbing breast concordant measures keeps,
 Now laughs with rapture, now with anguish weeps,
 See how each feeling, on her face pourtray'd,
 Absorbs the reader, and o'ercomes the maid.

How

How few alas! whose eye the core prevade,
 Of genius folded in Concealment's shade;
 Whose thrilling bosoms delicately chaste,
 Own the dear sympathies of kindred taste;
 To Merit's lengthen'd plaint, entender'd, fond,
 Whose eyes will moisten, and whose hearts respond.
 And ah! how many in Fate's horrid wars,
 Or sink oppress'd, or count their numerous scars;
 Who long Misfortune's arrowy rage withstood,
 And in the contest spilt their heart's best blood;
 Till tired, exhausted, without friendly aid,
 The soul to some lone covert flies dismayed,
 There in slow waftings sighs herself away,
 And sinks unnotic'd to th' oblivious clay;
 And then perchance with tenderness too late,
 We fain would help the wretched victim's fate:
 Vain impotence of right! we sigh, we mourn,
 Bestrew his grave, and decorate his urn.

O ye! whom Fortune on her flow'ry breast,
 With sweetest music lullabies to rest!

F

Ye,

Ye, at whose side attendant Plenty stands,
 With plenish'd cornu, lifted to your hands !
 Tho' birth with roses all your paths has strown,
 And tho' estranged to sorrows of your own,
 Oh ! think on those who combat with the weight,
 Of heaviest sufferings, and malignant fate :
 Oh ! think on those whom Wants distressful sting,
 Whose hapless breasts incessant struggles wring :
 Full many a bosom heaves the silent groan,
 And many a tear-drop falls unseen, unknown.
 Or if thy heart, like Howard's beats benign,
 Fly to the haunts where families repine ;
 Fly to the widow, to the orphan fly,
 There blend the social tear, the social sigh !

Tho' dark the shadows that benight the world,
 And Folly's flag triumphant stream unfurl'd ;
 And tho' Duplicity her mask will show,
 And Apathy present her frigid brow ;
 Yet still has Feeling her exclusive reign,
 And angel Charity her meek-eyed train :

Witness,

Witnefs, that band,* the pride of Ocean's ifle,
 As yet Benevolence's kindeft fmile :
 'Tis theirs, to bid young Merit's tendrils fhoot,
 And ripen all their bloffoms into fruit ;
 To fave from preffing Poverty's controul,
 The thoughtful nurfling, and imform his foul :
 Who freely give, yet never found the deed,
 Nor claim a plaudit for Compaffion's need.
 Extatic Hope! no more fhall Genius ftrive,
 With want calamitous, nor fear to live ;
 No bard dependant tear the lyric wire,
 No future Chattertons for want expire ;
 No ill-ftar'd youth be doom'd to bloom in vain,
 No Otway raife the unrewarded ftrain.

O Charity ! thou maid of heavenly line,
 With blufhing graces, and with look benign !
 Tho' yet alas ! for me thou ne'er haft fetch'd
 A friendly figh, nor hand in pity fretch'd,
 Thou yet perchance may'ft raife my drooping head,
 May'ft footh my cares, and give my daily bread ;

E 2

Or

* The fociety lately eftablifhed for the relief of indigent genius.

O'er human frailties spread a shadowy veil,
 Hush Envy's whisper; and Detraction's tale.
 Some fostering hand the youthful mind requires,
 To wake its powers and kindle Genius' fires:
 So Spring's young flowers the solar ray demand,
 And so the plant the gardner's fostering hand:
 The smallest bud when screen'd from Winter's frown,
 Expands its filken leaves with odors round;
 While the tall oak, that spreads its giant arms,
 Unshelter'd to the biting sweep of storms,
 In naked poverty awaits the year.—

Feeling becomes the image of a God;
 Man without feeling is a brute—a clod.
 The heart susceptible, the soul refin'd,
 Is affectation to the vulgar mind;
 The generous glow, th' enthusiastic trance,
 Are term'd the visions of a wild romance:
 Their hearts devoid of sympathizing chords,
 No dear vibrations to the touch affords;
 No soft emotions and no fine-tun'd thought,
 No soul to heavenly delicacies fraught.

To

To microscopic eye too dazzling shines,
 The lustrous polish that the soul refines;
 Too weak their optics for the starry height,
 Their wings too feeble for the lofty flight.
 To form alliance with the neighbring woods,
 Sprout with the trees, and warble with the floods,
 To judge between sterility and bloom,
 The blush of morning and the midnight gloom,
 To taste the breeze, luxuriate on the sky,
 And roll o'er nature's charms a phrenzied eye;
 Is this romance? a visionary joy?
 No 'tis an angel's bliss; a bliss without alloy:
 A bliss from sublunary dross refin'd,
 The life of being, and the mind's best mind.

Let Stoics unfusceptible disclaim,
 Assume Philosophy's celestial name;
 And in affected, but fictitious strain,
 Vaunt their dull apathy, their icy vein;
 Be mine the pang acute of tenderness,
 And mine the soul that shudders at distress.

Just

Just heav'n ! how is the human soul debas'd !
 Belied each dear emotion, or eras'd !
 'Tis sure belied ; for who but has confest,
 The sea of passions raging in his breast ?
 Not always with unruffled smoothness sleep,
 The boundless chambers of the mighty deep ;
 Not always in Eolian caves confin'd,
 Hush'd to unceasing stillness is the wind.
 In vain the nymph from worldly scenes retires,
 To quench in convent damps her hopeless fires ;
 Still midst the murky gloom, and living grave,
 The tear will drop, and warring tumults rave.
 In vain the hermit, in his deep profound,
 Flies Pleasure's kiss, and shuns the giddy round ;
 Tho' Virtue pour her incense-breathing strain,
 And Resignation chill the icy vein ;
 Tho' frigid Stoicism boast her calm,
 And cold Religion chaunt her faintest psalm ;
 Yet still at times, embosom'd storms will rise,
 Mad as the seas, and thund'ring as the skies.

How

How fragil man! how toft from wave to wave,
 Of joy and forrow the alternate flave!
 Th' extreme of either made too frail to bear,
 Bleffings too dazzling, or too bleak defpair.

For nobleft ends the Paflions were design'd,
 By Prudence curb'd, and Reafon's bit confin'd :
 They thro' each ftage the faltring mortal bear,
 And prop him vigorous thro' each duteous care :
 By their kind influence, laborious toil,
 Amid herculean hardfhips wears a fmile ;
 But when ungovern'd every bond they loofe,
 When spur'd to wrong, or prompted to abufe,
 'Tis then they prove the fprings of every pain,
 And Woe and Mifery inhuman reign ;
 They then to Reafon, but vain wifhes leave,
 And give to Virtue, but the pow'r to grieve.
 Unbridled Paflions rend each facred tie,
 Arm rebel man, and God himfelf defy :
 No right, or human, or divine fecure,
 Escapes their brutal infolence of power :

Not

Not with such frantic tempest Etna raves,
 Nor boils such fury from Vesuvian caves.
 Each gust of Passion then to order quell,
 All but the soften'd heart's awak'ning swell,
 The swell, that but enlivens, not disturbs ;
 The gust, that Feeling gives and Reason curbs.
 Like Zephirs should the Passions ventilate,
 In wholesome motion, least the mafs stagnate.
 Nor calm, nor tempest fits the scuding sail,
 But the brisk spirit of the breathing gale.

Thus in primeval life, ere Vice had birth,
 Ere yet Astrea took her flight from earth ;
 While yet meek Innocence, unknown to fears,
 Smil'd it o'er man, and told her golden years,
 The Passions then enchain'd to just controul,
 Kept the fair equilibrium of the soul ;
 Each just-pois'd feeling shew'd its tuneful pow'r,
 And if it thrill'd, it but delighted more.
 Reason, awake, and potent held her feat,
 And aw'd each rebel passion to defeat.

No

No senseless Anger flash'd the flame of hell,
 No dark Revenge conceal'd her venom'd spell;
 No Flatt'ry worm'd her to the artless breast,
 No haggard Discord wav'd her towring crest;
 No wild Ambition toss'd her lighted brand,
 Nor War with human blood imbrued his hand.
 The heart was then the fair, the sole domain,
 O'er which man scepter'd, or e'er wish'd to reign.

Nor can my youthful muse her precepts give,
 How best with Passion's tyranny to strive;
 In vain would she balsamic Truths convey,
 Herself too oft to Passion's snares, a prey.



The first of these is the fact that the
the average number of children born to
the family is about 2.5. This is a
significant fact, as it shows that the
population is not increasing rapidly.
The second fact is that the average
age of the population is about 25 years.
This is also a significant fact, as it
shows that the population is young.
The third fact is that the average
income of the population is about \$100
per year. This is a low income, but
it is a fact that the population is
poor.

Now, if we look at the population of
the world, we find that the average
number of children born to the family
is about 2.5. This is a significant
fact, as it shows that the population
is not increasing rapidly. The average
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\$100 per year. This is a low income,
but it is a fact that the population is
poor.

HAMET & ALMENA,

AN

ORIENTAL TALE.

HAMLET & ALMENA

IN

ORIENTAL TALE.

HAMET & ALMENA,

AN

ORIENTAL TALE.

LISTEN ye votaries of intemperate youth!

To the bland dictates of celestial Truth:

Ye faithful sons of Righteousness! rejoice:

And pallid Vice! attend to Virtue's voice.

Where partial Nature lavishes her stores

Of choicest favors, on Circassia's shores,

The young Almena watch'd her fleecy care,

Of all the fairest rural nymphs most fair.

Her form, like some celestial show'd divine,

Tall and majestic as the mountain pine:

From

From either eye translucent lustre shines,
 Beyond the diamonds of Golconda's mines ;
 And soft her temper as the gentle wind,
 That sportive sweeps the spicy groves of Ind.
 Each blooming swain, each youth enamor'd strove,
 To win by every kind device, her love,
 But strove to win in vain ; her heart, her mind,
 To virtuous Hamet only was inclin'd ;
 Hamet the valiant, generous and learn'd,
 Whose rigid breast at every folly spurn'd ;
 And who in spite of Penury's keen storm,
 Still follow'd Virtue thro' her every form.
 Tho' born where beauties thick as sun-motes glow'd,
 To fair Almena's charms alone he bow'd.
 Well pleas'd each parent view'd the growing fires,
 While friendship link'd the venerable fires.

The rosy hours stole unperceiv'd away,
 And fond consentment fixed the bridal day.
 Man's bliss how transient ! for with all the thought
 Of now approaching happiness befraught,

Farther

Farther than she were wont, th'enraptur'd maid,
 With her gregarious gamesome charge had stray'd.
 Shrill blew a horn—she look'd—she pal'd—she blush'd—
 A band of youths from out the thickets rush'd ;
 Among them one of statliest port was seen,
 A prince in habit, and a prince in mien ;
 With glitt'ring diamonds shone his turban's wreath,
 With rubies flam'd his sycamore's broad sheath ;
 His penetrating eye that fierceness fir'd,
 Th' attendants round with distant awe inspir'd.
 Mid lowly reeds as stands the king of wood,
 So mid his train the haughty Osmyr stood.
 He gaz'd licentious—trembling with alarms,
 He seiz'd the virgin in his daring arms ;
 And plac'd the shrieking burden on his horse,
 In pompous triumph, and pursued his course.
 In vain invoc'd she Alla's sacred name,
 And dear Humanity by every claim,
 But deaf to every call, the swooning maid,
 He to a neighb'ring hamlet straight convey'd.

Hamet

Hamet unconscious of the dire event,
 Like her, on now approaching bliss intent,
 With filial love his father to regale,
 Had rang'd the woods and scower'd the winding vale.
 But oh ! how look'd the youth with wild affright,
 When no Almena met his homeward fight.
 Thrice round the cot, with raving steps he flew,
 But no Almena yet appear'd to view.
 Distracted, mad, he hasten'd to the spot,
 Where rov'd her charge, but ah ! he found her not.
 In solitary rambles o'er the plain,
 Her bleating care, implor'd the maid in vain.
 As flies with lightning's speed the wounded hart,
 His side still reeking with the deep-fix'd dart,
 He ran ; call'd on her name, and night and day,
 Unwearied urged his wild, uncertain way :
 From Caucasus' imperious frigid brow,
 To where the mighty waves of Tygris flow.
 Five moons had changed, and now the sixth appear'd,
 Yet nought had Hamet of Almena heard.

Despondent

Despondent Reason yields, the passions rave,
 And bear him onward to a shelter'd cave.
 Stretch'd on the ground, his streaming eyes pervade,
 The narrow cell, the subterraneous shade.
 Hope points no longer thro' the mists of fate,
 To final pleasures and a better state ;
 But dark Despondency conceal'd the goal,
 And fill'd with deadliest horror all his soul.
 The scymater in phrenzy of distress,
 Was lifted high, and point'd to his breast.
 Hold Suicide ! thy murd'rous aim forbear !
 Shook thro' the cave, and smote his daunted ear.
 So from on high the mighty Alla speaks,
 And such the roar when heav'n conflictive breaks.
 An aromatic fragrance fill'd the cave,
 Around the undulating odors wave ;
 Beyond the frankincense of Mithra's shrine,
 Where soft perfumes from golden censurs twine.
 A form divine advanced—his heart veins freeze,
 And fear disorder'd quivers in his knees.

H

Thro

Thro' all the vetaducts a chilnefs ran,
 When thus the heavenly messenger began.
 "Thou fon of Sadi ! hearken and be wife ;
 Justice am I, the offspring of the skies :
 Friend of the friendlefs, guardian of th' opprest,
 The orphan's father, injured Virtue's crest.
 Arife by me inspir'd, and undifmay'd,
 The craggy clifts of arduous Virtue tread.
 Arife ! fly to Ispahan, there thou'lt find
 Thy maid, in the feraglio confin'd :
 But if undaunted thou wilt ftill incline,
 To Wifdom's voice, the virgin fhall be thine."
 He fpoke—Alla was prais'd, the genius fled ;
 Impatient Hamet to Ispahan fped.
 Mithra now blazon'd with redundant fheen,
 And fre'fhning Zephirs kifs'd the blue ferene.
 As when from downy neft the woodlark fprings,
 Salutes the morning, and his matin fings,
 E'en fo did Hamet o'er the meadows fly ;
 And prais'd th' all bounteous regent of the fky.

Love

Love wing'd his steps, and Hope his soul entranc'd,
 And all his heart with bounding rapture danc'd.
 As thus with wild celerity he flew,
 A passing sage his fixt attention drew.
 His beard more white than is the driven snow
 Swept down his bosom, to the zone below ;
 His wrinkled, yet majestic stately brow,
 Show'd as a field just furrow'd by the plough ;
 His eyes refin'd with more than mortal fire ;
 A staff too prop'd the venerable fire.
 The youth encourag'd by his aspect bland,
 Approached elate and grasp'd his aged hand.
 Concordant converse now beguil'd the hours,
 As on they journey'd to Ispahan's towers.
 As sinks the Nile when o'er its furcharg'd bed,
 Its waters to th' adjacent meadows spread,
 So Hamet found that ease, that kind relief,
 As in the stranger's breast he pour'd his grief.

The lofty domes now glitten'd to the fight,
 And mock'd the sun with artificial light.

Behold my son, the hoary fire replies,
 The royal city now before us lies ;
 Here ends thy journey, but not here thy care,
 Thy utmost fortitude must now appear.
 Revenge will swell thy breast with wild intent,
 And Rage with hurricanes thy soul torment.
 Luxury display her flow'rs, and feeble Hope,
 With mad Despair in dire contention cope.
 To combat these, the path of right pursue,
 " And all that Virtue dictates dare to do,"
 Kind, and unmindful of inglorious strife,
 Commit thy vessel to the stream of life ;
 Let Reason guide, and Truth's propitious gale,
 To shores of bliss shall safely waft thy fail.
 Fear nor the low'ring aspect of the skies,
 Nor all the storms Adversity may rise,
 O'er all thy deeds while honor shall preside
 Thy friend is Alla, Justice is thy guide.
 With these Iniquity shall melt away,
 As wax dissolves before the solar ray.

" True,

" True, Sire ! when Alla guards" replied the youth,
 " In vain would artifice engage with truth ;
 But hast thou then forgot youth's fanguine flame,
 The odd construction of the human frame ?
 Has thou forgot the bubbling of the pulse,
 The fiery passions that our age convulse ?
 E'en now I feel Revenge, should I behold,
 The hated Osmyn in his arms infold,
 My lov'd Almena's form—without controul,
 This faulchion should avenge a deed so foul ;
 Deep in his heart—" Hold ! hold ! rash youth," rejoind'
 The hoary-headed sage, " Revenge is blind.
 That Osmyn, is thy prince, the only son,
 Of him who fills with splendor Persia's throne ;
 Let this speak silence to thy bosom's storm,
 And loyalty restrain the fury of thine arm.
 " True," cried the youth, fire blazing in his eye,
 " Of loyalty I own the sacred tie ;
 But shall the purple regal robe conceal
 The blackest crimes, and I not lift this steel ?

And

And shall Allegiance sacred make the head
 Of him, who robs the virgin from my bed?
 Of men, were Monarchs lifted o'er the rest,
 To be of all society the pest?
 No—to his dignity he adds disgrace,
 And rank dishonor to the royal race.
 When guilt atrocious roves, I know no ties;
 He lives to vice, and my allegiance dies.
 Be mine t' avenge the weakness of our laws;
 Revenge is just, when righteous is the cause."

" But yet, O Hamet," said the pensive sage,
 " Let calmer thoughts thy headlong ire assuage.
 Bridle thy passions in their rapid course,
 As does the parthian swain his foaming horse.
 Philosophy with mild enduring air,
 Shews Truth's reward, and bids thee persevere.
 " Do good for evil" is Religion's cry,
 And points to justice smiling in the sky.
 Ofmyn, 'tis true, with insolence of might,
 Has cancell'd Justice, and usurp'd thy right;

But

But wilt thou act like him? to glut thine ire,
 Wilt thou from Equity's fair bounds retire?
 O! no, my son, be prudent, and be just;
 O God there is, and in that Godhead trust.
 Tho' 'gainst thee hell, with all her force combine,
 Yet heav'n with all her myriads, are thine.
 And while undaunted thou shalt keep the field,
 Almighty, Alla, is thy sevenfold shield.
 Firm shalt thou stand, as stands the island rock,
 The war of waters, and the sea's worst shock.
 And know, if still to Virtue thou'lt incline,
 With steadfast hope, the virgin shall be thine."
 He spoke—his azure eye empyreal lustre sheds,
 A vernal bloom his aged cheek o'er spreads;
 Erect and manly rose his bending form,
 And every limb display'd a heavenly charm;
 Beneath his feet transparent vapours move,
 And lift him to the choral seats above.
 The prostrate youth in piety sincere,
 To Alla pour'd his grateful soul in pray'r;

And

And rising, spirited by heav'nly force,
 Thro' splendid Isp'han took its doubtful course.
 Mean time Almena wretched and forlorn,
 Was straight to the imperial palace borne.
 In vain the mountains echoed to her shrieks,
 Vain stream'd the tears a-down her lovely cheeks ;
 O'er Zembla's rocks so falls the gushing rain ;
 But Pity wept, and Virtue call'd in vain.
 Corrosive grief, and Memory's sharp thorn,
 Had pierc'd her heart, and all her beauty worn.
 So falls the blossom at an eastern blight,
 So droops the flow'r when chilling tempests bite.
 Six months had Osmyr at her piteous prayer,
 Promised her trembling innocence to spare :
 In hopes her paly cheeks might reassume,
 Their former colour and their wonted bloom.

The sun now glimmer'd on the western hill,
 The caravan and commerce bustled still ;
 From Pleasure's court soft symphonies resound,
 Loud shouted Mirth, and Sorrow's voice was drown'd :

Yet

Yet Hamet not unmindful of his maid,
 Watchful, along the royal gardens stray'd ;
 Near where a lake adjoins the realms of love ;*
 There fought concealment in a near alcove.
 Reviving hopes, alternate fears contend,
 Those weave their robes, and these the texture rend.
 As bends the reed with every passing wind,
 So shook with varying passions Hamet's mind.
 Fancy would draw Almena's matchless grace,
 Sunk in rude Osmyn's dissolute embrace ;
 Bloated Revenge, with loud command, then bade
 Him urge the foe, and grasp the deadly blade ;
 He grasp'd—when lo ! Despondence pale
 Arose, and told her lamentable tale,
 Of bliss irrevocable—ever flown—
 And sheath'd his sword, & smooth'd his dreadful frown.
 Amid these conflicts of kind Hope and Fear,
 The sound of footsteps reach'd his listening ear.
 Now Hope prevail'd ; “ The happy hour is come,”
 He cried, “ that seals perhaps my future doom ;

I

That

* Scraglios.

That gives me to behold Almena's charms,
 Compress'd in Osmyn's execrated arms:
 O! glorious moment! when this faithful sword,
 Shall with the Monster's gushing blood be gor'd.
 Yet no, Revenge, I can, I dare forego
 Thy senseless madness! I'm thy victor now;
 And Fortitude is mine." Scarce had he spake,
 When lo the Emperor approach'd the lake;
 Two lovely daughters on his arms reclin'd;
 Th' imperial guards at distance move behind;
 Grace shap'd his brow with dignity of state,
 His form erect, and manly all his gait.
 The royal maids inflam'd with filial fire,
 In soft endearment hung upon their fire;
 And while enraptur'd they survey'd the stream,
 To Alla's praise they laud th' harmonious theme.
 Alas! how fleeting is terrestrial bliss!
 How shadowy joy! how rapid pleasures kiss!
 E'en now while peace, by the mild hours carest,
 Waves o'er the lake, and smooths its wat'ry breast,

From

From out the waves a huge dire monster starts,
 And on the shore with eagle swiftness darts :
 With woven scales like Egypt's tyrant bound,
 And flaming eyes that lighten horror round ;
 Ararat echoes as the monster roars,
 And volley'd smoke from either nostril pours.
 In vain the guards oppose ; in shivers round,
 The harmless lance fell pointless to the ground :
 Already had he reached the Emperor near,
 The guards had fled, the virgins swoon'd for fear ;
 Then furious Hamet hasten'd to their aid,
 A huge rough stone the place of arms supplied,
 And while with couchant readiness he lay
 With jaws expanded to receive his prey,
 The ponderous marble thunder'd on his head ;
 'Twas Hamet threw, the mighty Alla sped.
 His eyes were crush'd—his sinews crack'd—a flame
 Of burning pitch, from out his nostrils came.
 The Monster 'mid vast torrents of black gore,
 Resign'd his spirit with a hideous roar.

Amaz'd with dread and almost petrified,
 The Emperor, his youthful guardian ey'd :
 As the lone seaman 'scap'd the watry death
 From some high rock, sees ocean roll beneath,
 So look'd the sovereign—his eager eye
 Beheld him as a messenger from high :
 Articulation had forgot its pow'r,
 And all his soul was prompted to adore.
 Now crowds of warriors, and of chiefs, advance,
 Among them Ofmyn with extended lance :
 When at the sight unruly tumults swell'd,
 Thro' Reschid's bosom, which he barely quell'd :
 Yet fearful lest mad anger's gath'ring fire
 Might overbear, requested to retire.
 " No, youth !" the Sophi cried, " thy merits claim
 More panegyric than my tongue can frame ;
 A fairer querdon, than my power can grant :
 Yet if within my kingdom lies a want,
 Or a request, that Persia can consign,
 Arise, and name thy wish, that wish is thine."

" O mighty sovereign! rising Hamet cries,
 Let now a slave find favour in thine eyes :
 Far, far, be pomp, with all her dazzling joys,
 And far be avarice with her splendid toys :
 I to no Satrap's, vizier's pow'r aspire,
 A nobler object forms my heart's desire :
 The royal Osmyn from my wishful arms
 Has torn Almena of angelic charms,
 To this thy palace, from Circassia's shore ;
 Grant this demand, the much-lov'd maid restore ;
 O! then, the blaze of pomp, the frown of grief forgot,
 With her I'll ever blest my happy lot :
 Thy fame shall echo thro' Circassia's meads,
 And Gratitude make vocal all our reeds."
 " Thy boon is thine," the Emperor replied,
 " And blest the hero, who can spurn at pride ;
 Whose humble wish, the pastoral cottage bounds ;
 Whom love enlivens and content furrounds.
 " Behold," continued he, " behold my son,
 The youth, who by his single arm alone,

Laid

Laid yon amphibious horrid monster low :
 To him thy father and thy sisters owe
 Their lives preserv'd—when every guard had fled,
 This youth undaunted to our succour sped :
 By thee, O Osmyn ! be his valour paid,
 By giving to his arms the lovely maid,
 Whom late thou seizedst in Circassia's chace :
 To gratitude, let softer thoughts give place."
 Had then Medusa's head, its horrors shown,
 And star'd his every vein to hardest stone,
 Not more a statue had fix'd Osmyn stood ;
 Confusion, Malice, with their snaky brood,
 Usurp'd his mind ; and while submission seem'd
 Her love, his soul the blackest purpose schem'd.
 " True, true," cried he, with blandishment of speech,
 " Such services no gratitude can reach.
 To morrow Hamet ! shall the maid be thine ;
 To night with us on regal couch recline."
 He spoke, and prest him to his faithless heart :
 Thus the Hyena with dissembled art,

The

The human voice will nicely imitate,
 And draw th' unwary pilgrim to his fate.
 Now to his room the furious Osmyn flies,
 Despondent love's wild reasoning in his eyes.
 Malice and Rage in loud clamations broke,
 Round rov'd his circling footsteps as he spoke.
 " Where now the fond ideas I enjoy'd?
 Is every hope of happiness destroy'd?
 Am I the royal Osmyn? I the son
 Of him, who sits on Persia's splendid throne?
 I sicken at the thought—th' illustrious name
 But tears my soul with anguish and with shame.
 O Royalty! and must thy power yeild,
 To the low rustic, plodder of the field?
 To live I wish not—every joy is past—
 And every hope expires at Sorrow's blast—
 Oh! dear Almena! are thy matchless charms;
 By a rude peasant sever'd from my arms,
 And cannot I, a Prince, thy form regain?
 Oh! deep Distraction! and Oh! Rage of pain!

Beneath

Beneath Affliction's hand I sink—I fall—
 Curse on thee Virtue! thou hast wrought it all :”
 As yet he spake, with fierce malicious frown,
 He sunk enervate on the sofa down.
 Bagoas enter'd, favorite eunuch he!
 The fawning son of servile Flattery!
 For he had heard his master's frantic rage,
 And wish'd the tempest of his soul t' assuage.
 “ Royal and mighty Prince! some timely ease
 My care may give,” he said, and clasp'd his knees.
 “ Permit Bagoas to partake thy grief,
 Perhaps thy slave may find a kind relief.”
 “ Relief” the raging tyrant cries, “ is vain,
 Till to these forlorn arms restor'd again,
 Almena be my own”. “ Full will I grant,”
 Replied the artful crouching sycophant,
 “ By open force t' accomplish thy desire,
 Would but arouse thy father's warmest ire :
 Yet subtler art, the want of force supplies,
 To fly to art, when prowess fails, is wise.

And

And tho' resistless in the raging fight,
 A host of warriors fall before his might,
 Yet can the poppi'd juice with vengeance sure,
 His downfall hasten, and effect thy cure.
 E'en I, thy feeble slave, soon as the ray
 Of morrow's Orience shall bespeak the day,
 Will Hamet sacrifice by simplest spell,
 Beneath whose arm the scaly monster fell.
 "Go," cried the Prince, joy bright'ning in his eye,
 His kindling cheek deep flushed with rapture's die,
 "And should success thy stratagem attend,
 Osmyn is thy awarder and thy friend."

Hamet mean time partook the royal feast,
 Prais'd Alla's goodness, and retir'd to rest.
 O! heav'n how unrestricted are thy ways!
 How shines thy goodness with unsetting blaze!
 In vain 'gainst Innocence does hell colleague
 With syren Vice, and weave the dark intrigue.

Scarce in heav'n's portals had the morning fun,
 With splendor, his diurnal tour begun,

K

And

And Hamet hail'd with orisons his flame,
 When false Bagoas to his chamber came,
 Kindness and Affability were seen,
 In all his look, and moved in all his mien.
 "Undaunted Patriot!" with a dimpling smile,
 He cried, and blandishments of luring guile,
 "Let mutual friendship bind our souls in one,
 And let this wine the friendly compact crown,"
 With that he offer'd th' envenom'd bowl.
 Suspicion sicken'd now in Hamet's soul:
 No, gen'rous stranger! I refuse thy draught,
 With wine my friendship is not seal'd or bought;
 To me does Abstinence familiar seem,
 My fav'rite beverage is the limpid stream:
 But thou on lap of courtly luxury plac'd,
 This wine nectarious with delight may'st taste.
 Bagoas trembled with embarrass'd pain,
 To drink was death, nor better to refrain.
 Guilt and Astonishment, with fear combin'd,
 Rush'd like o'erflowing Ganges on his mind.

A deadly shiv'ring every limb possest,
 He sunk aground, with conscious guilt oppress.
 " Pardon," O Hamet ! cried the wretch, in fear,
 As now with naked faulchion he drew near,
 " Pardon iniquity not all my own,
 And let confession for my guilt atone.
 By Osmyn's order I this moment come,
 With poison'd goblet to effect thy doom ;
 But heav'n the righteous favors—now attend
 And vengeance shall await thy royal fiend.
 Behold this scroll—its lengthen'd folds contain
 The names determin'd of a courtier train,
 Who with myself have sworn to the disgrace,
 The death, of Sadi and his hated race.
 Forgive, forgive my crime, and this same hour,
 Such is, you see, the fulness of our power,
 The diadem from head 'unworthy torn,
 The brow of Virtuous Hamet shall adorn.
 " No, monster !" cried the youth—
 Snatching the paper from his trembling hand,

" Think not t' escape such deep-laid villainy :
 A victim to avenging Virtue, die."
 He said, the pond'rous sword tempestuous fell,
 And plung'd his soul to Phlegeton and Hell.
 Hamet with rage, with indignation fraught,
 Left his apartment and the Emperor fought.
 He found him seated on imperial throne,
 With golden sceptre—on his right his son ;
 With purpled Emirs, Viziers, Satraps round,
 Dispensing equity thro' Persia's bound.
 Reschid approach'd—retir'd the suppliant crowd—
 Thrice to the Emperor he prostrate bow'd.
 " For ever on my Sovereign's sacred head,
 May bright Prosperity her sunbeams shed ;
 May ne'er Misfortune with her opaque cloud,
 The lustre of his num'rous virtues shroud ;
 Be Faction's demons, Treason's fiends suppress'd,
 Let proud Rebellion hide her tow'ring crest ;
 For know O Sovereign ! at this instant hour,
 Th' infernal hag had robb'd thee of thy pow'r.

Yes

Yes Osmyn ! he, whom late thy spite employ'd,
 Thee and thy father would have both destroy'd :
 To this long scroll of treacherous names attend,
 And then O Prince ! to Virtue's influence bend."
 " I do, I do ;" repentant Osmyn cried ;
 " By every bond of Amity allied,
 Henceforth I'll seek by kindness to efface,
 The memory of guilt's envenom'd trace ;
 Almena shall be thine"—he said and prest,
 The noble Hamet to his grateful breast.
 Surrounding crowds in wild amazement stare,
 And loud applauses rend the ambient air ;
 And while the strings the rebels necks entwin'd,
 Hamet was to his dear Almena join'd.
 Learn hence ye sons of Pow'r ! and headlong youth !
 That man's best Glory is immortal Truth !
 At Virtue's frown, be Vice's banners furl'd,
 And Faith resplendent blaze throughout the world.



A
DESCRIPTION
OF
POWIS CASTLE
AND ITS
ENVIRONS.

“ It would be an heresy committed against the beauties of the creation, to leave Wales without visiting the several delicious domains, that appertain to my Lord Powis and his Family.”

PRATT'S *Gleanings*, Vol. I. Letter xū.

A
DESCRIPTION
OF
POWIS CASTLE
AND ITS
ENVIRONS.

It would be an hardly committed against the person of
the creation, to leave Wales without visiting the several castles
domains, that appertain to my Lord Powis and his Family.
FRANCIS OSBORNE, Esq. A. M. 1700.

A
DESCRIPTION
OF
POWIS CASTLE
AND ITS
ENVIRONS.

WHILE Admiration in delirious trance
Beholds thy scenes, or with bewilder'd glance,
Sweeps o'er each grace that decorates thy shores,
Where smit Conviction gazes and adores ;
O Cambria ! with no tepid glow be mine ;
To vent my adoration at thy shrine,
To join the chorus of thy votive train,
And chant thy beauties in poetic strains.
Oft has the pencil's skilful touch display'd
Thy cliffs romantic, and thy floods portray'd ;

L

Oft

Oft has Description loiter'd in thy vales,
 And prose-clad Rhetoric swell'd thy praise, O Wales!
 Yet wilt thou not despise the humbler strain,
 That sings *one spot* of thy enchanting reign.
 Thus while sonorous music fills the grove,
 And louder raptures o'er the meadows move;
 Perchance within some bower alone, remote,
 The little Robin pours his scarce-heard note;
 The tuneful softness cheers the spot around,
 And list'ning silence hails the dearer sound.

What time the morn with oriental glow,
 Had tipp'd with gold the Realt's aspiring brow;
 And Sol forth issuing from the gates of day,
 Lets fall a bright, and still a brighter ray;
 What time prolific teeming Nature shews,
 Her richest foliage and her deepest hues;
 And blushing Summer in full radiance flings
 A thousand graces from her fragrant wings;
 And warbling birds attune their little throats,
 To wildest melody, and loudest notes;

By

By Contemplation led, the mount sublime,
 With thoughtful and meand'ring step I climb.
 And oft I wearied pause—as oft the eye
 Impatient turns to drink the spreading joy :
 The summit's gain'd—Gods ! what a blissful sight !
 How flits my soul with transports of delight !
 O joy ! or do I dream ? or do I soar,
 On Frenzy's wing to Fancy's fabled shore ?
 Or has my spirit left its clay-built dome,
 And winged its flight to its celestial home ?
 Where shall the thirsty wildered eye repose ?
 And where shall Rapture's weary pinions close ?
 From mead to mead, from hill to hill she flies,
 To where to landscape fades into the skies.

There proudly tow'ring o'er the vale below,
 The castle * lifts its antiquated brow :
 Enchantment's antient seat, her rural court,
 And Valor's proud, invulnerable fort.

L 2

* Powis Castle.

Its turrets built with majesty sublime,
 Are made to bear the gathering rust of time :
 Since first it rose three hundred suns twice toll'd,
 Have in their annual rapid circles roll'd ;
 Of adamantine strength, nor feebler grown ;
 And firm the cement as th' unchissell'd stone.
 In lofty pride exultive to the skies,
 Its ivy cover'd battlements arise ;
 And still encircled by a rich domain,
 It smiles the mistress of the subject plain.
 Th' unnumber'd cottages besprinkled round,
 Within the circuit of its happy bound,
 Speak more than panegyric's loudest chord,
 Its kind, illustrious, hospitable Lord.
 The happiness of all the rustic train,
 Who dwell beneath this beatific reign,
 Confer a lustre on a noble name, †
 That ostentation might behold with shame.

I strike

† About the year one thousand two hundred and thirty,
 Owen ap Gruffydh, one of the Prince's of Wales, had one only
 daughter, named Haws Gadarn, whom he left heiress to his
 whole

I strike no hireling string—a name, Renown,
On immortality's fair banks has sown,

To

whole estate, but her three uncles thinking it an easy matter to dispossess an orphan, challenged the lands belonging to their brother Owen, alledging that a woman was not capable of holding lands in that country.—But Haws made such friends in England, that her case was made known to King Edward the Second, who gave her in marriage to a trusty servant of his, named John Charleton, termed *Valectus Domini Regis*, who was born at Appley, near Wellington, in the county of Salop; and in HER right created him Lord Powis, of Powis Castle; and being aided by the King, took his wife's uncles and put them in safe custody in the King's Castle at Harlech, but upon proper submission they were set at liberty.—This aforesaid John Charleton, Lord of Powis, had one son by Haws his wife, who enjoyed the Lordship of Powis, and left it to his son of that name, who held it about fourteen years; and he dying left it to his son, called also John Charleton, Lord of Powis, who enjoyed his father's estate 27 years; but dying without issue, the Lordship of Powis descended to his brother Edward Charleton, who married the daughter of Thomas Earl of Kent, and widow of Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, by whom he had two daughters, named Jane and Joice; the first married Sir John Gray, Knight, the second John Lord Tiptoft, whose son was by King Henry the VI. created Earl of Worcester; but the aforesaid Edward Lord Powis, after the death of his wife Ellenor, married the daughter of Sir John Barkley, Knight, and after his death, (which happened in the year 1420) the Lordship of Powis was divided in three parts.—So that it appears that this Great Family was nearly allied to some of the first Houses in England.

To bloom eternal mid the flow'ry train,
 That deck Benevolence ! thy fair domain :
 His, every virtue that can grace a name,
 His, every action that exalts to fame.
 Within this fair abode, this dome sublime,
 Are seen the glories of Aufonia's clime ‡
 Here artful Sculpture's breathing forms are shown,
 Her nicest touches on the Parian stone.
 What just expression in the Cæsars shine,
 Th' atrocious tyrant, or the air divine ;
 How sinks the furrow, how the muscle swells !
 Each buft the hero, or the villain tells.

Here too the pencil || with judicious pow'r's,
 Sheds mimic life, and soft enchantment show'r's ;

What

‡ In the various appartments of this splendid Palace many exquisite pieces of sculpture are seen, said to have been rescued from the ruins of Herculaneum : but what particularly attracts the eye, is the statue of Laocoon and his Sons, as described by Virgil :

*Corpora natorum serpens amplexus uterque,
 Implicat, et miseros morfu depascitur artus, &c.*

|| Among the other valuable curiosities of this place, is the gallery of pictures, with which his Lordship has lately embellished this seat : the productions of the first artists in design.

What true expreffion, what correct design !
 Where deeds heroic, graceful beauty fhine.
 Earth, feafons, fea and air, and azure fkies,
 With all invention's magic colours rife :
 Creation thro' her many attitudes we trace,
 In juft arrangement, and with nature's grace.

The expreffive needle with unwearied toils,
 Vies with the pencil, and the eye beguiles :
 Th' historic tale in beauteous airs is feen,
 And bold and neat the well-adjusted mien ;
 The fwelling mantle and the waving trefs ;
 Antiquity, in all her antique drefs.

But now without to Nature's fairer hues,
 Let the Mufe catch her more delighting views ;
 Commerce with glimm'ring bowers and cooling fhades,
 And faunter thro' the mead and pathlefs glades.
 Yet ere ſhe rove, arreſted in her courſe,
 Art ſmiling bids her mark the matchleſs Horſe, *

On

* The Horſe and Fame, an excellent piece of workmanſhip,
 now removed to the back court of the houſe.

On which Fame feated with triumphant eye,
 Lifts her loud clarion to the list'ning sky ;
 And sounds, or seems with conscious pride to found,
 Thy name, O Powis, to the nation round :
 Fir'd at the sacred sound, the courser rears,
 And Cambria steals the note with ravish'd ears.

Now on I wander, where in thick array,
 Yon aged trees expel the blazing day.*
 A lovely fifterhood ! whose solemn height,
 And shade, the ghost of phantasy invite.
 Here when grey twilight, ruffet-clad, has drawn
 Her deepest tint along the fading lawn ;
 What time the evening star with liquid eye,
 Or silver Luna glides along the sky,
 Here, as assign'd, consenting lovers meet,
 To breathe their raptures on a Summer seat.
 O ! fay, ye trees ! what tender potent vows,
 From loving hearts have whisper'd thro' your boughs !
 How many a promise of unceasing love,
 When faith prevail'd and fear but vainly strove !

Beneath

* The Wilderness.

Beneath these verdant arches, alleys green,
 Walks penfive Solitude with thoughtful mien,
 And musing Contemplation flies to shun,
 The noise of worldlings and the mid-day sun.
 Where woodland melody harmonious floats,
 With concord sweet and intermingled notes :
 Or loves besides the glassy pool * to sit,
 And mark the swallow o'er its surface flit :
 Or watch the finy piscatory brood,
 That rising catch the insect swimming food.

Lo! to the East on cloud sustaining cliffs,
 Its stately height the towering column || lifts ;
 Bears to the clouds in majesty of grace,
 Wet with their kifs, or lost in their embrace :
 Memorial of that ever glorious day,
 When dauntless Rodney form'd the brave array ;
 When burnt the watry fight on either side,
 And blood-stained carnage cowered o'er the tide ;

M

When

* Lundy Pool. || Rodney's Pillar.

When brazen war with sulphur dealing powers,
 Of murd'rous fate disgorg'd her leaden showers ;
 And wrapt in smoke's impenetrable night,
 Arous'd, Britannia dealt her patriot might.
 Such late the din that shook th' Egyptian shore,
 When the fierce Lion rais'd his dreadful roar ;
 When Nelson spoke, in flaming thunder spoke,
 From out his nitrous citadels of oak ;
 His fiat sped—immediate to the sound,
 France drank the wave, and fought th' abyfs profound.

From fanguin'd decks, and clangor of alarms,
 The Muse affrighted turns, to Nature's arms.
 There to the Westward, where yon teeming vale,
 Spreads its broad bosom to the flying gale,
 Where waves the yet green harvest to the wind,
 And savage mountains bound the scene behind,
 Montgomery stands ; with reverend ruins crown'd,
 Dismantled castles, and entrenchments round.
 Where Cambria's sons, in many a doubtful fight,
 Maintain'd their cause, & mock'd proud Albion's might.

But

But Defolation now in vest of mofs,
 Sits on th' entrenchment, and bespeaks the los ;
 Where Cambrian Princes in dire vengeance strode,
 Now loathsome crawls at eve the bloated toad ;
 Where shouts of Victory rent the echoing skies,
 Now owl or goblin give their wailing cries :
 Such is the strength of man, his boasted might ;
 A momentary day, succeeding night !

Nought now the Muse's circling flight impedes,
 But on to Guildsfield's flow'ring meads the speeds.
 Sweet hamlet ! Nature's most admir'd retreat !
 Where all the rural honors center'd meet !
 Round thee, what glitt'ring villas to the eye
 Romantic swell, in sweet diversity !
 What blissful haunts the straying muse allure !
 She stoops her wing, and struggles to endure,
 That warm astonishment, those panting fires,
 Dear Nature in her loveliest forms inspires.
 O Cambria ! say if o'er thine alpine heights,
 The Muse should soar with more aspiring flights,

Say, if from all thy mount-exub'rant bound,
 A more enchanting prospect could be found?
 Ere yet I quit this fair Arcadian vale,
 And tear me from the elysium of this dale,
 O let my reed now breathe one artless line,
 To sound thy merit, **TUDOR!** **MITTON** thine!
 Your virtues claim the panegeric lay,
 And pleas'd the plausive tribute would I pay,
 But vain I wake the chord and strive to sing,
 Weak is the note, untun'd th' uncharming string.
 Let others heedless pass this vale along,
 Fly to the town and join th' incurious throng,
 Here will I roam remote from folly's laugh,
 And in these shades the cup of wisdom quaff.

O Nature! how luxuriant are thy charms!
 Lovely thy shape thro' all thy changing forms.
 Whate'er the thoughtful mind can harmonize,
 Or sense indulge, here offers to the eyes.
 Here mournful man may see, and seeing bless
 The earnest of celestial happiness.

Why

Why then from proffer'd blessings do we fly,
 Form'd for our use and ever at our eye,
 To seek the mazy turbulence of life,
 The croud, the town, duplicity and strife?
 False pleasures fatal to our true repose,
 Yawning satiety, remorseful woes?

From Nature let me draw my certain code
 Of wholesome laws; to follow her my mode.
 When I behold yon mountain* bleak and drear,
 Its barren brow in misty clouds uprear:
 The destin'd spot where elements engage,
 With muttering tumult and with pinion rage,
 I think on him who on Ambition's peak,
 That rugged dangerous precipice so bleak,
 Exalted stands, a wretched barren sight!
 Begirt with dangers, giddy with the height,
 Expos'd to dangers and continual strife,
 To all the whirlwinds of this mortal life:

And

* Long Mountain.

And when I view yon low but humble vale,
 The modest, mild philanthropist I hail ;
 Who blest with innate worth, that ne'er aspires,
 From vulgar adulation's eye retires,
 To scatter blessings round with liberal hand ;
 The little storehouse of the adjacent land ;
 And cloister'd from the wretchedness of state,
 Enjoys that lux'ry that escapes the great.
 O holy life ! had heaven with sparing hand,
 But granted just what human wants demand,
 In some kind haven shelter'd and remote,
 I then had moor'd my little crazy boat,
 To buffet stormy life no more, no more
 To ply with trembling life my feeble oar.
 Like Cincinnatus never wish'd to stray,
 Undazzled, unconcern'd at splendor's ray ;
 On Nature's lap had shrin'd my flow'r-rob'd cot,
 Nor more of busy pursuits envied aught.
 How oft do wishes bear me to some glen,
 Like this, afar from smoky haunts of men ;

Where

Where Fancy builds some modest rural cell,
 Nestled, green shaded in the silent dell.
 Ambitious wish! alas! it must not be;
 Incessant toil alone remains for me.

Farewell, delicious spot! delightful hill!
 Here could I linger with endearment still:
 Still dwell with pleasure on yon opening dales,
 Yon lofty summits and the lowland vales;
 The little hamlets scatter'd o'er the green,
 And whitewash'd cottages that peep between;
 To mark the windings of the flow canal,
 The lock unloosen'd, and its rapid fall;
 The Severn winding round from cot to cot,
 As loath to quit the dear enchanting spot;
 To hear the magic orison of birds,
 The bleat of lambs, and low of grazing herds.
 Farewell! I go to breathe Corruption's air,
 To mingle in the maze of worldly care.
 Yet blissful spot! * where many a pleasing hour,
 I've pass'd, forgetful of Misfortune's pow'r;

Where

* Welshpool.

Where oft I've saunter'd with thy jovial train,
 Awhile unmindful of each bosom'd pain.
 And o'er the glass in social gladness met,
 My youthful heart, in silent glee has beat.
 Dear seat of sprightly mirth and pleasantness!
 Whom Pleasure smiles on, and the joys cares;
 May still each happiness inform thy breast,
 Supremely mirthful and supremely blest.

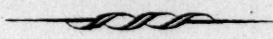


MISCELLANEOUS
PIECES.

MISCELLANEOUS
PIECES.



MISCELLANY.



ON READING THE CHARACTER

OF

LADY CLIVE.

PRATT'S *Gleanings*, Vol. I.

LET weak venality disgrace the bay,
And laureat bards of dazzling villains sing;
Let harness'd Pomp her sumptuous car display,
And gingling Folly tune her hireling string.

Let mad Ambition with enfanguin'd soul
The chaplet wear, that bastard Fancy wove;
With froth let Falsehood fill her bowl,
To the gay nymphs on frolic's bank who rove.

Chastiz'd to Truth behold a nobler theme,
A name more worthy the poetic lute ;
A Clive, a thousand artless lips proclaim ;
A Clive—a thousand grateful lips are mute,

See where she moves along from cot to cot,
Teaching her infant blooming race to glow ;
To practice what Philanthropy has taught,
And unsolicited the willing gift bestow.

O loveliest pupils in fair Pity's school !

Long be it your's a mother's steps to tread ;
To shroud the shiv'ring limb from Winter's cold,
And give ere hunger cries, the manna, bread.

Thou son of Affluence ! plenty, and of wealth !

Here learn to give, and here how best to give ;
Trace bashful penury ; do good by stealth ;
And if Compassion move thee, copy Clive.

Then

Then shall thy brow possess a nobler plume,
Than ever deck'd the warrior's crested brow ;
A sweeter myrrh than Flatt'ry's false perfume,
Shall smoke for thee in an ambrosial flow.

The tear, the prayer-wrought wreath, th'applause divine
With all the sweets that Gratitude imparts,
Unutterable bliss is thine—and thine,
The incense of unfeigning hearts.—

Be hush'd ye storms! ye gales propitious blow!

And waft them safely on the eastern shore :
And oh! ye pow'rs attend our warmest vow,
And give them to these native shores once more.

THE

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

THE seventh angel blows his awful trump—
Now tremble, guilt ! at thy approaching doom.
Thro' earth and all th' immensity of space,
Portentous signs appear, prelude of scenes
More dreadful still. Nature convulsive feels
Her deadliest pangs, and quivers thro' her bounds—
More swift than thought the mighty angel flies—
Louder than ocean to his entrails torn,
Commix'd in dire confusion with the skies,
His pinions rush. One foot on earth, on sea
The other rests—then with a voice,
Sonorous as the voice of Multitude,
Swears by the hand, that form'd created things,
By Him who reigns eternally the same
That Time shall be no more. Tis now begun
Thy wreck, O world. Tremendous thunders roll,
The

The massy pillars of creation tremble—
 Coruscant light'ning's play, and blaze on blaze,
 Flash horrible destruction—at each peal
 Terrific groans the universe—the noise
 Astounds—'tis terror and confusion all—
 The fair expanse of heaven that lately shone
 An azure canopy, with all the train,
 Of myriad stars and suns, is now
 One undistinguish'd blaze—Dissolved to streams
 The solid mountains float—Rivers reverse
 Their wonted paths, and hurry to their springs—
 Affright and dread Affliction now ensue,
 Such as before thro' time was never seen,
 And never more shall be—Oh! what a scene
 Does earth display! her tow'rs and palaces,
 Her temples and her citadels, involved
 In conflagration dire. Where now the seats
 Of luxury, and pomp, that lately rear'd
 Their glittering stately battlements to heav'n?
 Where now the dazzling thrones on which her kings,
 And

And haughty potentates reclin'd supine?
 Where now the scarlet of Patrician pride?
 Where now the purple of imperial grandor?
 All, all in universal ruin sunk;
 The massy hills from their foundations rent,
 And heav'n and earth in flaming fury mingled.
 Now Pride! come boast thy gaudy equipage,
 Display thy gilded trappings and thy gold.
 Come Power! stand forth in costliest badge array'd,
 Present thy arrogance of eye and brow.
 Come Fame! exhibit now thy winning prize,
 Unfurl the scrolls of glorious feats and names.
 What Gewgaws now! when all the false parade,
 And pageantry of courts shall be as though
 She ne'er had been; when Nature's fairest boast,
 And all the sumptuous Monuments of Art
 Shall sink a prey to the devouring flame
 " Nor leave a wreck behind."

A SONNET,

WRITTEN ON THE TOP OF WELSHPOOL

CHURCH-YARD.

AS here with pensive circling steps I tread,
The tomb-besprinkled spot of shrouded woe,
Reflection twitching bids me look below,
At Pool alive, and here her many dead.

Here peace and tranquil harmony prevails,
And Pity breathes her requiems to the air ;
There interest clashes in continual jar,
And boist'rous passions load the passing gales.

Here rich and poor promiscuously repose,
And bitterest foes in peace together lie ;

O

There

*There great and lowly meet with hateful eye,
And Malice oft her pois'nous vials shows.*

*But soon shall Death consign them to the spot,
Where jars and all contentions are forgot.*

MARIA.—A Sketch.

*“HOW cold the wind,” a female tall exclaim’d,
As down the galled height of chalky cliff,
Whose tow’ring summit over hung the sea
Tremendously sublime, she bent her steps
Capricious: o’er her form a wistful eye
I cast—beauty had trac’d it; and despair
Shaded with winning tints the meaning face.
The frantic whirlwind wanton’d in her robe
Unzoned; and o’er her naked breast, her hair
In brown disorder stream’d; her blue eye rolled
In phrenzied quickness at my near approach.
“And who art thou” cried I, folding her hand,*

With

With soft impassion'd tenderness of heart—

“ They call me, wild Maria ! I am poor—

No home have I—my lover is no more—

“ Beneath yon wave

“ Is Edwin's grave.”

In querimonious heart-felt melody she sang.

“ But come and see it—every day I strew

The hallow'd spot with flowers—sometimes I weep,

But ah ! I cannot now”—she paus'd, she sigh'd.

“ Stranger !” she cried, pressing her heaving breast,

“ Lives there a wretch so wretched as myself ?

“ My breaking heart !” her voice here died away.

Reason, me thought, now glimmered in her eye,

As on the sod she sunk. I stoop'd to raise,

Her falling frame—the shade of death

O'erspread her pallid cheek ; the parting soul

Fled from its durance with her Edwin's name.

“ Thy tender soul is now at rest,” said I,

As o'er her corse most pensively I hung ;

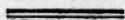
“ But oh ! what agonies were thine, ere yet

That wretchedness had cut thy thread.
Cold is the loveliest form that nature knew ;
And clos'd the softest eye that beam'd on mine ;
That form alas ! must moulder in the dust,
That eye no longer open to the world."
I spoke—I wept—beside her corpse I fell ;
My warm tears wash'd the marble of her breast ;
High heav'd my bosom with distressful cares,
I was a man—I gloried in my tears.



LINES

ADDRESSED TO MR. DAVENPORT.



O Davenport ! as o'er thy lyre's sweet strings,
Thy hand in pleasing pensive dolor sweeps,
Condolence straight her pearly tribute brings,
And pale Despondence wrings her hands and weeps.

Thy

Thy lot how envied ! tho' thy bosom knows
No friendly balm, no hope's enliv'ning beam,
Yet can thy lyre alleviate thy woes,
And draw from others eyes Compassion's stream.

Like thee I've bled—like thee have felt the sting
Of life's worst worm—have drank the acid bowl
Of varied ills—yet to inform my soul,
No sad'ning pity trickles as I sing.

Cast from erected hope, where late I stood,
When Fortune shed her sunshine on my birth ;
Like thee by Malice and Revenge pursued,
I tread a rough inhospitable earth.

No eye with melting tender weeps my fate,
No shelt'ring bosom screens my friendless youth ;
Begirt with ills too real to relate,
I feel of feeling every pang uncouth.

O Daven-

O Davenport! to what auspicious clime,
Shall merit fly? where find a friend sincere?
Is death the only solace for despair?
For woes like mine, is suicide a crime?

SOPHIA.—A Fragment.

SUN-RISING.

THE morning smiles—the sun with gladning beam
Rises benign, but rises not for me—
My sun alas! is set, for ever set,
That sun of happiness, that kindest sun,
To sad Sophia's gloomy soul—oh! when
Will Sorrow yield her victim to the grave!
Wide o'er the verdure skips the gamefome lamb,
But not for me—his matin song, the lark
Upsoaring sings, but not alas! for me.
Here Henry first beneath this spreading oak,

Explain'd

Explain'd the sufferings of his loving heart,
 Which long before his silence had express'd;
 This bark still bears the token of his love,
 The harmless traces of impassion'd truth;
 And here his hand was wont to carve my name—
 That done, I call'd him with unfeign'd esteem
 My *Henry*! but alas, where is he now?
 On what remote, what hostile shore? or is
 He not entomb'd beneath the boist'rous deep?
 Yet e'en in death, how did he pour his soul
 In fervent prayer, and countless blessings ask
 For his *Sophia*! but his pangs were short,
 And mine endure—increase: nine moons are gone,
 Nine ling'ring moons, and still I see him not.
 He never will return—these wishful eyes,
 Must never more behold the fairest form,
 That ever cloth'd a faithful manly soul:
 He spoke—'twas music; look'd—'twas artless love:
 And oh! his kiss emparadis'd my soul.
 We lov'd—gay Fortune smil'd and friends approved,
 And

And Hymen had prepar'd his brightest torch ;
 When Honor call'd, with rigid summons call'd ;
 My Henry heard th' inspiring call and flew—
 " I go," he cried, " my country bids away,
 More worthy to return ; to add the wreath
 Of laurel glory to the myrtle spray."
 He went ; but never, never to return.
 Ye smiling prospects ! and ye rural scenes !
 No more will ye delight : all, all is lost.
 My fun, alas ! is fet, for ever fet ;
 And gloom, eternal gloom, alone is mine.



The Banks of the Severn.

RETIRED from the world and its strife seeking crowd,
 And pall'd with its jargon so empty and loud ;
 On the banks of the Severn contented I'll wind,
 For true bliss alone in retirement we find.

The

The Monarch, tho' splendid, yet sighs at his lot,
Carest with false bowing, and fearful of plot ;
On the banks of the Severn, I hold my levee,
With Peace and Contentment, and true hearted glee.

Let misers, let bankers hang over their store,
And harrafs their craniums to make it still more ;
On the banks of the Severn this maxim I see,
That a little can make us contented and free.

Unmov'd by Ambition, false pleasure and noise,
I taste here more solid and durable joys ;
On the banks of the Severn my moments I'll pass,
Where cares ne'er perplex us, nor sorrows harrafs.

Let the banks of the Severn, then be my retreat,
And I'll envy no Monarch, nor grandeur of State ;
On the banks of the Severn, my days shall all fly,
On the banks of the Severn, I'll live and I'll die.

P

NIGHT.

NIGHT.

HUSH'D is the twitter of the feather'd throng,
And hush'd the din of man—the lowing herds
Have crost the heath—the tinckling cow-bell ceas'd—
'Tis night—the solemn witchery of night.
The fresh'ning breeze awakens, and the moon
In all her silent glory moves along—
With more than mortal melody descends
The far cascade, but faintly heard to fall;
And Peace with all her spirits walks abroad,
To close the lid, and calm the stormy breast.
All Nature sleeps—yet why am I awake!
Why rove my thoughts when all around repose!
More heavily reclines the sleeping rock;
E'en streams forget their loud garrulity,
Sleep in their course, or seem to mutter dreams.
Whence then these restless fallies of my soul?

This

This dear adhesion to the midnight hour,
 That makes me more alive?—oh! how I feel!
 Emotions tremble on the brink of agony;
 And Phantasy with all her flitting forms appears.
 Eternity is near—to airy stuff
 All mundane cares dissolve—borne on the wing
 Of Reverie, to far futurity
 Elate I soar, and bustling life recedes—
 And other suns appear. The heav'n stol'n fire
 That animates her fleshy prison, glows
 To join its native source. How short thy sight;
 Blind mortal! grief obscures thine eye; and black
 And dreary every object looks: thy state
 Of Chrysalis, with time eternal shown,
 Is as the drop to ocean's wide domain;
 Shall then a soul immortal, future seraph,
 Bewail the bondage of an hour? to heav'n
 Where myriad worlds revolve, a thoughtful eye
 Convert; there soon unmanacled, and free
 From all the ties of bitterness, that cling

And twist around the miserable heart,
 Thy soul shall rise: what though peculiar ill
 Has tinged with crimson all thy path of life
 Yet think on that asylum, where secure
 Thou yet shall rest and smile at angry fate.
 Great antemundane Father! God of all!
 How wonderful thy works, thy deep designs!
 Whether we view them at the tranquil hour,
 When starry night her sweet quietus sings:
 Or when th' impatient tempest sweeps the plain,
 And heaves with giant force the boiling surge,
 And quenches suns, and o'er the pavement rolls
 Of deluged heav'n; in all thy hand appears;
 A God, or in the brilliant blaze of day,
 Meridian, or the zenith gloom of night.

THE

THE PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY parent ! ne'er invoc'd in vain ;

When true the tear drop and when felt the sigh ;
To thee I pour the heart effusive strain,

And heav'n-ward lift a supplicating eye.

If ought of virtue marks my youthful days,

If register'd above, some pious deed,

Can claim thy bounty—and if still my ways

Great God ! to thee incline—be this my need.

Oh ! be Eliza thy peculiar care !

O'er all her paths let hovering angels wait,

While sorrow stabs around, her bosom spare,

And let thy smile forbid the ills of fate.

All that this heart can ask, be her's, and more,

At least the blessings that these tears implore.

ORLANDO.

ORLANDO.

WHAT hour the night in darkest grandeur reigns,
 And sheet-clad ghosts from human tombs arise,
 To ride the blast and stalk along the gloom,
 Orlando from his couch, where long in vain,
 Th' oblivious sweet of slumber he had sought,
 Despondent rose, in sable habit garb'd,
 And deeply pensive, sallied forth. Three nights
 Had hover'd o'er the face of night, since death
 Had sunk the fair the blooming Isabel,
 Untimely to the dust. Bereft of hope,
 To keen susceptibility a prey,
 His lonely path he bent to where she lay,
 A mould'ring clod : unmindful of the storm,
 The sudden blast, that ever and anon,
 Burst horrible, his steady course he kept.
 The lightning's lurid and repeated glare

Directs

Directs his way. In stygian gloom obscur'd
 The moon refus'd her light, and not a star
 Could twinkle thro'—Th' appalling thunder roar'd,
 And every adverse element bray'd war:
 When by a flash more long and luminous,
 He spied the trees that circled round her grave.
 And here his heart tempestuous as the sky
 Beat dire commotion, as remembrance trac'd
 The retrospect of joys for ever past.
 Oh! what the lover felt as o'er the turf,
 Where Isabel repos'd, he pensive hung,
 Let those declare, who e'er like him have drank
 Grief's bitterest cup, and felt her deepest stab!
 "Where art thou Isabel! oh! whither fled!
 That I may come and in thy happiness
 Be blest; or if to sorrow thou be doom'd,
 Participation may relieve thy pain?
 Why rove I thus? is it that Isabel,
 Pure as the purest white of Alpine snow,
 And innocent as when from heav'n she sprung,

Has

Has flown exultive to her home again?
 Why should I envy then her happier lot,
 When e'en with life for her I would have bought
 The finallest blifs and deem'd it cheaply bought;
 But still my tortur'd and bewilder'd mind,
 For comfort knows not where to turn;
 Or if around I throw my weeping eyes,
 A difmal blank appears—and if beneath,
 I fee the fad the mournful caufe of all—
 Dear! honour'd Ifabel! if o'er thy fpot,
 Where now in duft the mortal part reclines,
 Thy fpirit hovers, view, in pity view,
 In pity aid, a wretched lover's pain."
 He faid "Soft as the fummer's whisp'ring breeze,
 A voice in fweeteft accents fmote his ear."
 He rofe; And lo! before him flood, in form
 Celeftial clad, his much lov'd Ifabel:
 From dull mortality releas'd, refin'd,
 She look'd a feraph from the realms above;
 And beckoning filence thus the maid began.

“ Orlando

" Orlando ! just were thy complainings all,
 If all thy hopes were riveted to earth,
 For all thy hopes in me immediate fled.
 In vain on Nature wilt thou call, or ask
 Her feeble aid ; she cannot pierce the shade
 That shrouds the tomb ; and Reason weaker still :
 Too feebly gleams her lamp, to light thee through
 The winding horrors of the vale of death :
 But hark ! what Reason, Nature cannot do,
 The voice of heavenly wisdom shall effect :
 Hear what it says—when to the tomb thy frame
 Shall drop, and to its origin relapse,
 Not always shall corruption hold her prey ;
 But with new life inspir'd, shalt rise again,
 And trample on the grave. Religion points
 To happier prospects and a better world ;
 Where Death ne'er plies his murd'rous scythe,
 Nor Pain intrudes ; where friends united once
 Shall meet again and meet to part no more.
 Thy sorrows calm—still Isabel is thine"—

Q

She

She said, and vanish'd. Nature now assum'd
 A different form. The moon resplendent shone—
 And all was tranquil, calm and still.
 Just emblem of Orlando's mind—now cheer'd
 By light divine and hopes informing ray,
 Homeward he bent with placid steps his way.

TO ELIZA.

ACCEPT, Eliza! unbedeck'd by art,
 These lines encircled with a love-fraught heart.
 Tho' slow and languid flow the tuneless line,
 Swept from a lyre long hung at sorrow's shrine,
 Yet oh! disdain not what Affection breathes,
 Nor rend sincerity's enamell'd wreaths.
 Seraphic maiden! let my sorrows move,
 Thou sure wilt pity, if thou canst not love.

Oh!

Oh! hear the sighings of a soul sincere,
 My eloquence, a sigh; my plea, a tear.
 For thee, long have I rais'd the secret sigh,
 For thee th' unnotic'd tear has dimm'd mine eye:
 The tender passion in my breast confin'd,
 Fear'd to be seen, where fortune prov'd unkind.
 No titled honors and no wealth I own,
 Of splendid luxury no pamper'd son;
 A Youth adversity has long oppress'd,
 Tho' Fortune nurtur'd and tho' Hope carest;
 Yet mine a soul—but oh! Eliza vain,
 Is all my boast and weak my pleading strain.
 E'en now on Fancy's trembling pinions borne,
 I seem to see thy unconcern, thy scorn,
 If so permit a fad, a fad adieu,
 From one to love, and to Eliza true:
 And when this agitated hand that writes,
 This heart that dictates as the pen indites,
 Shall on the dreary pallet of the grave,
 Forget the pangs thy peerless beauty gave;

And when beneath oblivion's welcome shade,
 The faint low traces of my woes shall fade,
 Oh! will thine eye bestow one kindred tear,
 To wash out all the memory of my care?

An Address to Money.

ALL potent God! in yellow lustre crown'd!
 Lord of the human heart and human face!
 Thou source of life and spirit! to thy pow'r
 Nature and art in adulation bow.
 What skill of pencil, or of pen can paint,
 Thy victor vengeance, tutulary pow'r?
 How ebbs, how flows the crimson tide of life,
 As thy divinity besides us shines!
 What awe, what veneration waits
 Thy bright approach—Thy magic sway
 To insipidity gives poignant wit,
 And pond'rous weight to superficial sense;

Protects

Protects thy votary from oppressive insults,
 Hushes the wildest storm of furiate choler,
 And from the hand of justice tears the sword.
 Before thee towns and cities fall aground—
 Yes, thou hast stop'd the roar of thund'ring cannon,
 And more surprising still, Detraction's mouth :
 And strange! surpassing strange! to the cold arms
 Of age and impotence, thou makest youth
 And beauty fly; and givest to ugliness,
 And detestation charms.

THE SUICIDE.

NOW ceas'd the sun's resplendent beam,
 To play on Severn's ample stream,
 And journeying down the dappled West,
 In Thetis lap retir'd to rest.
 Favonius too in whispers bland,
 The purple ether lightly fann'd.

The

The heav'nly concave cloud-array'd,
 A fair enamell'd scene display'd.
 Where Severn holds his watry way,
 A child of sorrow lov'd to stray;
 Where Solitude, sequester'd lafs!
 Sits her pensive on the grafs,
 Remote from noise, and Envy's eye,
 To drop her tear, and heave her sigh.
 On his brow sat heavy care,
 His bosom harrow'd with despair;
 Slow mov'd his steps with pensive toil,
 And deep they press'd the sandy soil.
 Affliction plied his gory rod,
 And Grief in bitter fullness flow'd.
 Thus he pour'd his doleful strain,
 While Severn answer'd to his pain.
 " O Misery! why was I born,
 To wander friendless and forlorn?
 Why form'd a slave to every care?
 Why doom'd to sorrows so severe?

What

What horrors gather on my soul?
 Within what raving tempests roll?
 Oh! cruel fate! Oh! partial heav'n!
 To me thy every ill is given—
 To other regions will I go,
 And thus will end this more than woe” —

“ Stop there rash youth,” a voice exclaim'd,
 “ And praise that heav'n thou hast blasphem'd.”
 When lo! on earth from starry heights,
 On rapid wing, Instruction lights.
 One hand Truth's lucid mirror held,
 The other Wisdom's tablets fill'd.
 Empyreal glory crown'd his head,
 His eyes celestial lustre shed;
 As when a hind the lion spies,
 And couching sinks—a trembling prize!
 So couch'd the youth before the sprite,
 The petrefaction of affright!

“ Arise

" Arise despondent youth ! arise,"

In softest notes the angel cries,

" Receive instruction, and be wise.

Now error darkens all thy mind

To truth estrang'd, to reason blind,

But heav'n, all just, all bounteous fees

Thy raving madness, and decrees

To chase the darkling mists away ;

He wills ; commission'd I obey.

Now in this glass thy folly learn :

Rise, look, say what dost thou discern ?

I see the faulting youth replies,

A wretch forlorn—and deep he sighs—

Now slow and pensively he moves—

And now abrupt he turns, he roves—

Around he throws the wildest gaze—

In every feature torture preys—

But see, he lifts the deadly blow !

'Tis done—oh ! screen me from this woe."

The angel waved the mirror bright,

Again presents it to this sight.

" I see

" I see, he cries, a youth oppress'd,
With all the ills that wound the breast.
What foes on every side arise!
Yet still serene he views the skies.
Composure on his brow appears;
A smile of meek content he wears.

" Observe," the Angel cried again,
The mirror wav'd and chang'd the scene.
A horrid fight! the youth replies,
Now offers to my troubled eyes.
Another region I survey,
A world of torture and dismay!
The wretch, who lately rear'd the dart,
And plung'd the weapon in his heart,
On fiery beds of torment turns—
Oh! woeful sight! he wriths—he burns—
What shrieks of woe! what dismal moans!
The place thro' all her caverns groans.

Again the glass around he wheel'd,
And bade him speak what he beheld.

R

O!

O! blifs! unspeakable delight!
 All Eden bloffoms on the fight.
 Beyond expreffion's feeble note,
 How blest this fair enamell'd spot!
 But lo! in glory's garb array'd,
 A crown immortal on his head,
 The youth appears, divinely blest,
 Whom lately every care opprest.
 "Be to thyself the whole applied,"
 The heav'nly Monitor then cried.
 "And learn with resignation's smile,
 Life's heavy chains to bear awhile;
 Nor with impious hand to dare
 The resolution of Despair."

SEDUCTION.

'T WAS Eve's last shade—cold and tempestuous swept
 November's chillest blast—the lamp of night
 With ray capricious shone—on a lone bank,
 O'ercome by toil, beside a darksome road,

Eliza

Eliza fat—seduc'd Eliza! she,
 Spurn'd from an unrelenting father's roof,
 Where sordid Interest watched his golden heaps,
 With selfish joy; by all she lov'd, despis'd;
 By every friend forsaken and denied,
 Had journey'd many a lone and tiresome mile,
 To seek with strangers what her friends denied,
 A covert for the blush that guilt bestows.
 Impetuous anguish flow'd; and every groan
 Rose deeply querulous—Despair convuls'd
 Her thiv'ring frame, and revell'd on her cheek.
 What could she do? long was the road to pass,
 And toil had now unstrung each tender nerve;
 And grey-eyed night his dusky curtains drawn
 Tenebriose—voracious feelings fed,
 Like birds Promethean, on her mangled heart.
 The thought of home, while peace and Innocence
 Yet unalloyed by care, and keen remorse,
 Shed their best beams—a father's stern
 And unrelaxing frown—the mad, mad hour,

When full, too full of Love's deceitful fires,
Bewitch'd she sunk in fair delusions arms—
All, all by turns corrode her mangled heart.
“ Yes poor, forlorn Eliza!” she exclaim'd,
“ This, this shall prove thy parent's callous heart,
And thy unfeeling friends, thou hadst a soul
Too great to live, when virtue had expi'd.”
I ran—I flew—but ah! the fatal cup
Was emptied—in my arms she leant—she sunk—
“ Oh! Sir, and have I then one friend”? she cried;
“ Would that thy friendly aid had sooner come,
T' avert this dreadful scene! but oh! the poison”—
Her voice here fail'd—again to speak she strove.
“ My father! oh couldst thou behold thy child,
Thy little darling now”—she sigh'd—she paus'd—
The flame of life still quiver'd on her lip,
The soul still loiter'd in the tepid pulse.
Again she rais'd her languid eye, recall'd
Her flitting soul, and sweetly mournful cried,
“ O William! faithless youth! I do forgive thee.”

And

And here the last convulsive deathful pang,
To dissolution hove her shiv'ring frame;
And Death with icy finger seal'd her woes.

Father of Mercies! God of vengeance! oh!
How awful, how mysterious are thy ways!
If suicide e'er meets compassion at the throne,
Of heaven insulted, sure it is the maid,
Who falls to guilt, incautiously decoy'd.
Fair was her form and delicately shap'd;
And beauty still as loath to quit the seat,
Where long unrivall'd, it had borne away
The adulation of each sighing heart,
Still linger'd there—not eighteen annual suns,
Had seen her graces and her kindling charms.

Where is the villain? I exclaim'd, this wretch?
This more than murderer? has he the look,
The soul, the heart he has not of a man?
Flash all ye lightnings of vindictive hate—
O for the bolts of heaven! to blast, to fire,
The fiend, the monster to his native hell.

Unhappy

Unhappy damsel! may thy image haunt
 His troubled mind—asleep, awake, mayst thou
 Be with him still—may every scene present,
 And every gust that blows, reiterate,
 Ruin'd Eliza! thrice unhappy maid!
 Where are thy friends? thy parents where?
 Was it for this a fondest mother, oft
 Prest thee extatic to her flutt'ring breast?
 While tearful joy bedew'd her mantling cheek,
 And all the feeling mother labor'd forth?
 For this a father too, with rapturous pride,
 Oft snatched thee from her arms, to print the kiss
 Of tenderness, to wave thee on his knee,
 Or dandle in his arms! where are they now?
 Unfeeling, cruel parents! who could cast
 On an unpitying world, their hapless child.
 Oh! could not Nature, could not all the ties,
 That twist with every fibre round the heart,
 Suffice to veil for once a daughter's shame?
 No here she lies, from parents, all, remote—

No

No weeping friends, no ceremonious rite,
No breathing requiems, and no holy bier;
No pious hand, to deck her unsmooth'd sod,
With earliest flower; no stream from pity's eye
In sweet oblation to her troubled ghost;
Save what the muse in pious tribute gives,
Save the small rill that trickles from mine eye.

THE SLAVE.

RHENYBIA! deep with grief oppress'd,

For thee I pour a joyless strain;
How beats my heart! how reeks my breast!
O'er all thy grief, o'er all thy pain.

O Liberty! for ever dear!

Thou sacred, unextinguish'd flame!
But peace my soul, the thought forbear,
Nor hope for what 'tis death to name.

Let

Let Grief at least discharge her moan,

And Slavery unfluice her care ;

But no—my bosom, hush thy groan,

Thy rebel sigh, thy treason tear.

O Liberty, &c.

Rhenybia ! yet the time may be,

(To think at least is not a crime)

When Freedom's nerve shall strike for thee ;

Shall dash thy chains, and hail thy clime,

O Liberty, &c.

Dear thought ! as to the mother's breast,

The infant clings, so cling to mine ;

Ever caressing and carest,

Not imag'd any form but thine.

O Liberty, &c.

TO

TO A FEMALE FRIEND,
On Parting.

SINCE now by rude Adversity's decree,
Maria, I am doom'd to part from thee;
To roam despondent on some distant shore,
Perhaps, distracting thought! to meet no more;
Receive this little offering of my lyre,
This parting pledge of fond Affection's fire.
Caution, my strain—engender'd by the flame,
My bosom feels at Friendship's hallow'd name.
Perhaps, fair emblem of unspotted truth!
To one so pure, advice may seem uncouth;
But Friendship, ever fearful, bids me mark,
The lurking rocks that may divide thy bark;
No not for birds so many snares are laid,
As baits t' allure the lovely, tender maid.
Then guard, Maria! loriccate thy heart,
And spurn Deception with her protean art.

I know by nature thou wert form'd to please,
 T' inflame to love the manly heart with ease;
 Thine too a soul with tenderness allied,
 Where all Compassion's sacred streamlets glide;
 But there, Maria! all thy danger lies;
 Where excellence prevails, temptation hies.
 Oh! never may that tenderness approve,
 The false effusions of an artful love:
 Never may Avarice with his sordid charms,
 Buy thee reluctant to detested arms.
 Hear nymph immaculate! this hateful truth,
 This bait delusive of incautious youth;
Not every sigh that labors from the breast,
The true affections of the soul attest;
Not all the tears that from the eyelids start,
Flow from the sluices of a melting heart;
 Oh! warn'd by Friendship's voice, this sibil strain,
 Avoid the cup where thousands find their bane.

The Muse, subservient to the flowing heart,
 Could yet a train of wishful thoughts impart.

But

But chief—let Virtue in thy vernal hour
 Adorn thy bloom and beautify thy flow'r :
 Still to her warm, her pure impressions true,
 Give her thy hand and all her paths pursue.
 And, O ! may all the powers above, defend
 From Evil's blasts, the blossom of my friend !
 May never tempest with its black allay,
 Blot the fair sunshine of thy rising day !
 But still may Innocence with shielding wing,
 O'er all thy paths her blooming roses fling.
 Unvext by care may life's smooth current flow,
 And tears of joy be all the tears you know !
 Thus prays thy friend—a youth whom adverse fate
 Has long opposed with unremitting hate :
 Yet who, if Fortune should his ways attend,
 Would prove him not unworthy of his friend,

THE SIGH AND TEAR.

RESPONSIVE to our varying cares,
How prone the human breast to sigh !
How oft alarm'd by doubts and fears,
Will genial sorrow melt the eye !

A sigh—that something which no art,
Of pen or pencil can design ;
The offspring of a lab'ring heart,
The balmy breath of soul divine.

A tear—that herald of the soul,
And bright interpreter so true ;
The eloquence of pure controul,
The pearly drop of heav'nly dew.

First

First Love and Beauty to mine eye,

In all her charms and grace drew near;

My bosom hove the deepen'd *sigh*,

My eye confest th' impassion'd *tear*.

From much-lov'd friends condemn'd to fly,

Stern Absence gave her frown severe;

I flew away—put up the *sigh*,

And drop'd the unavailing *tear*.

Life's ills successive pass'd me by,

And each of sorrows claim'd its share;

To each I gave the feeling *sigh*

To each a tributary *tear*.

But now, sweet thought! the time is nigh,

When I no more these griefs shall bear;

No more be doom'd to raise the *sigh*,

No more to shed the frequent *tear*.

LINES

LINES

OCCASIONED BY HEARING

THE REV. MR. DE COURCY, VICAR OF ST.
ALKMOND'S, SALOP, PREACH.

" And those who came to scoff, remain'd to pray."

DESERTED VILLAGE.

HOW sweet the voice of Christian love!

How fervent! yet how meek!

What heart so stern but must approve,

When thus she deigns to speak?

Here Atheist! thou who dar'st arraign,

The unfathomable God;

And mocking heaven with proud disdain,

Usurp'st his ruling rod!

Here, list! and let thy bosom own,

Conviction's conquering power;

Replace

Replace thy maker on his throne,
Confess him—and adore.

And thou mad deist ! who hast nurst,
The spurious bastard brood,
Begot by unbelief accurst ;
And scoff'd a bleeding God !

Here to assuring Faith attend,
The suasive voice of heav'n ;
Thy stubborn knee to Jesus bend,
To him be honor giv'n.

Sinner ! and alien to the grace,
And look of Charity !
Here come and taste the sweets of peace,
And wipe a contrite eye.

Here Zeal with Truth directs the way ;
And Faith and Virtue kifs :
And here the apostolic key,
That opes the gates of blifs.



AN ELEGY,
ON THE DEATH OF A HORSE,
LATE IN THE POSSESSION OF MR. HAWLEY, OF
CAURSE.

SHALL man alone engrofs the funeral strain,
And Grief recline but on his storied bust?
And shall the honest brute unfung remain,
When doom'd untimely to th' oblivious dust?

No—sympathy thy tender power extends,
To all of life beneath the bliss-girt sky;
With equal tenderness thy sigh ascends,
For suffering mortals, and the suffering fly.

Then with my song thine artless anguish blend;
Call from forgetfulness an hapless seed;

A pa-

A patient servant and a trusty friend ;
Yet doom'd, oh ! dire necessity ! to bleed.

Torn from the meadow and the waving glade,
Where thy kind Lord design'd thy future days ;
On stern Taxation's reeking altar laid,
Thou fall'st—a patient, aged sacrifice !

Poor horse ! now thou art gone, we love to trace,
Thy many virtues, and thy true desert ;
The languid patience of thy honest face,
Thy life of service, and more honest heart.

Thou on the bridal day wert proud to bear,
The happy couple to their peaceful home,
And since thro' thirty passing years to share,
Their joys and sorrows to thy latest doom.

Poor animal ! oft o'er thy mould'ring clod,
Shall thy sad master and thy mistress hang ;

T

And

And dew with many a pensive tear thy sod,
And ruminate on thee with many a pang.

Oft bid the kindred stranger turn and eye,
The spot where sleeps thy clay, and for thy fate,
Implore the pious tribute of a sigh ;
And thus thy matchless excellence relate.

EPITAPH.

Here rests in this neglected spot a horse ;
Large was his soul, and harmless was his heart :
Thro' wayward life he kept a steady course,
And fill'd with credit his allotted part.

Not like us wordlings did he joy in strife ;
Ne'er from their sphere his sober wishes soar'd ;
He gave—'twas all he could—to man his life,
And gain'd—'twas all he wish'd—a gen'rous lord.

An Address to a Shilling,

WHICH THE
AUTHOR GAVE TO THE LATE SUBSCRIPTION FOR
THE SUPPORT OF HIS COUNTRY.

GO forth, my mite ! and join the heap,
That Loyalty bestows ;
Go guard our coast, go rule the deep,
And thunder on our foes.

Be not abash'd—reign thy fear,
That weak and poor thou art ;
'Twas honest labor brought thee here,
And freedom bids us part.

Go forth—and when amid the train,
Of glitt'ring thousands prest ;
Should some proud guinea look disdain,
Be thus thy speech address.

Tho'

“ Tho’ from no golden heaps I came,

Nor boast a purse-proud owner ;

A sterling shilling is my name,

And loyal is the donor.

His debts when paid, he found me o’er,

And gave me with good will ;

Oft wish’d me gold, or what is more,

But equal to his zeal.”

I see thy little heart beats high,

And pants in every string ;

Then on with energy, and cry,

“ Britannia and her King.”



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